

From the China Mail.

VISIT OF THE HIGH IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER  
KEYING TO HONGKONG.

ON the 20th November last, about sunset, the Virgin steamer, which had been sent to Canton for the purpose, arrived at Hongkong with the commissioner and suite. As the vessel approached the wharf, the Chinese band "poured round a torrent of shrill sounds," and on Keying's stepping on shore, three gigantic crackers were fired off, which we presume is the Chinese method of saluting. Having seated himself in his chair, and an attendant with a brush having dusted the soles of his immense shoes, the procession, composed of English, Chinese and Indians, proceeded along the road, producing a picturesque effect. Near the head of the crowd was a Chinese band, making, like that of Chrononhotonthologos, "rough music," and taking due advantage of their position to let their instruments be heard, followed by a parcel of boys fluttering little banners, but whether in triumph or in defiance we could not make out. There were also men bearing aloft pavilions such as our readers at home may see on porcelain cups and lackered ware; and mingled with these were others carrying large boards on their shoulders inscribed with Chinese characters, which may have been intended to set forth the titles and dignities of the commissioner; and the bare feet and tattered appearance of the fellows themselves might also have been intended to mark the contrast between the great men and their persuiants. The guard which followed must have been one of honor solely; for their weapons, of all imaginable shapes, were merely of painted wood, the blades being ornamented with gold-leaf and tin-foil. There was something very fantastic about these men of war, and the effect was greatly heightened by the towering tinsel head-dress of some, and the red hats of others, with a feather, which, instead of standing stiff and erect, by the rule of contraries which prevails in China, hung loose and dangling upon the shoulders. The executioners may be considered as forming a part of this group. They were clad in sober-colored frieze, with grey hats shaped precisely like those of the guards, and each armed with a whip or other instrument of corrective justice. At some distance followed a body of sepoy with their band, sadly puzzled to keep time or tune with another Chinese one, immediately behind, consisting of eight performers on gongs, cymbals, and wind instruments; for it must be remarked that all the available music was to be heard together, mingled in one inharmonious whole. The principal wind instruments were in shape like a flageolet with a child's brass trumpet stuck to the end of it, emitting a sound precisely like the chanter of a bagpipe without the drone. Then came Keying in a large, comfortable sedan chair, borne by eight coolies, and guarded by a body of police; and behind were the officers of the military staff of the colony, and a series of chairs having mandarins of superior button and unquestionable feather, down to others who had nothing to distinguish their rank except the company they were found in. The next forenoon the governor,

accompanied by the major-general and military staff, called upon Keying, who received his visitors with his accustomed graceful urbanity, embracing his excellency and the general. The appearance of the attorney-general gowned and wigged, created some astonishment, which was speedily turned to laughter by the good humor of the honorable and learned gentleman himself. Being a visit of compliment, Keying was not forgetful of the usual forms of Chinese etiquette, and when the company rose, he accompanied the governor to the outer door and took a ceremonious leave. At four o'clock in the afternoon the Chinese returned the visit in state, and afterwards accompanied the governor to witness a review of the troops.

In the evening Keying and the more distinguished members of his suite dined at the governor's, where they met the general, admiral, and heads of departments. About nine o'clock a party of ladies and gentlemen assembled, and dancing was shortly afterwards commenced. One of the Chinese, a member of the imperial family, offered his arm to a lady *en cavalier*, and had she not apparently misunderstood his meaning, would probably have helped to form a set at a quadrille. As it was, he took the arm of an aide-de-camp and stood beside one of the dancers, keeping time with head, hands and feet, and waggishly ogling the ladies.

The next day the imperial commissioner partook of the hearty hospitality of the major-general. The imperial commissioner, accompanied by five other mandarins of high rank, and attended by his motley group of retainers, arrived at the major-general's about a quarter before seven. Upon alighting from his chair, the commissioner was received with all the honors due to his distinguished rank, the guard presenting arms, and the band playing the national anthem. The party at dinner, from the smallness of the apartments, was limited to sixteen. In the centre was placed the imperial standard of China, waving beside the banner of England. Over the doorways were hung appropriate Chinese mottoes on crimson silk, expressive of the good understanding existing between the two nations; and this being in accordance with Chinese custom, the foreign visitors expressed themselves much gratified with the attention. Upon the cloth being removed, the major-general gave first:—"The Queen of England and the Emperor of China, and may the happy relations subsisting between the two countries be productive of increased commerce and prosperity to both." The general in the second toast addressed Keying more at length, and after expressing the honor and gratification he felt in receiving him on the present occasion, added that, bred and born a soldier like himself, it was not his intention to occupy much time with unnecessary compliments, but simply to assure him that he gave him, with all sincerity, a soldier's welcome, and felt satisfied there was that professional sympathy between them, that would lead him to accept it with corresponding cordiality. Having said thus much, the major-general continued—"I must not forget the high representative and diplomatic capacity in which his excellency is now among us, or

the great objects of commercial union and peace he is come here to consolidate. In that capacity, therefore, and as the representative of the highest authority in China, I beg leave to propose his health—the health of Keying the enlightened statesman, and who, alike the friend of England and of China, has taught us to respect him as much for his political talents, as we value him for his social qualities.” Keying listened with great attention, and seemed anxious to have every sentence translated fully as the general went along. After the loud applause with which his health had been drunk had somewhat subsided, Keying replied with great grace and readiness, to the effect that, “though his talents had been greatly overrated, the general had only done justice to his sincerity, for he could assure him on the faith of a Tartar soldier, while he had any voice in the affairs of China, the peace and prosperity of both our countries should be always the objects nearest to his heart.” He then gave his hand to the major-general and the governor, who sat beside him, with earnest good-will, as if anxious by this act to convey at once his public feeling and his personal acknowledgment. Nothing could exceed the affability and good humor of Keying, accompanied by the highest tact and good breeding. He was jovial at dinner, but without excess; and after having volunteered a Mantchow Tartar song, which he gave with great spirit, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where a party, consisting of the ladies of the garrison, with most of the naval and military officers and civil residents, had assembled. Keying went the round of the room with the utmost blandness, offering his hand to each of the ladies, and distinguishing one or two of them by little presents of purses or rosaries taken from his person. There was one little girl in particular, about seven years of age, present, in whom Keying seemed much interested, and it was delightful to witness the good nature and benevolence of his manner when he took her upon his knee to caress her, and then placed an ornament about her neck. His fine Tartar head and person, grouped with the infant beauty of the little stranger, formed quite a picture. Keying retired shortly after eleven o’clock, but not till he had asked the general, with characteristic good nature, if he wished him to remain any longer, evidently desirous not to disappoint the guests, who crowded round him with a mingled feeling of respect and curiosity. There was another instance of high breeding worthy of being recorded. A married lady who was sitting near him attracted a good deal of his attention, and having desired one of his attendants to bring him a silk handkerchief he presented it to her, and begged he might retain her own in exchange for it. The lady was momentarily embarrassed, and Keying seeing this, said, “he hoped he had done nothing contrary to our usages of propriety,” an apology which was immediately appreciated and understood.

In the course of the following day, the last conference took place between the English and Chinese plenipotentiaries, and in the evening Keying gave a sumptuous entertainment in the Chinese fashion. The hour of dinner specified in the invitations, which are curiosities in their way, was six o’clock, and before that time all the guests had assembled in one of the lower rooms, except the governor, upon whose arrival being announced, Keying hurried to welcome his excellency at the landing place, and to conduct him to a seat in the centre of the room—the rest of the company sitting

in arm-chairs formally placed on either side, with a small table between each two. The half hour before dinner, proverbially dull and trying to the patience in Europe, is in China relieved by the sedulous attentions of the entertainers, and by refreshments of the finest tea, which are offered to each guest in little cups—what with us is the saucer being made to perform the more useful office of a cover to preserve the aroma. Dinner being announced, the company proceeded up stairs to the sound of music which had not the least resemblance to the “Roast Beef of Old England.” A large table was set out in the spacious saloon, at the centre of which sat Keying, with Sir John Davis on his left hand, and major-general D’Aguilar on his right.

Before each guest was placed a plate and *kwa-it*, or chopsticks, on one side, and a knife, fork, and spoon, on the other. The chopsticks, however, were pretty generally used, a little awkwardly it must be admitted, by the English, while the mandarins, probably out of politeness to their guests, occasionally made use of fork and spoon. Beyond the plates were ranged innumerable little pyramids of preserves, pickles, and dried seeds, which, from the experiments we made, we presume were not intended to be eaten, but placed merely for show; but at the left hand there was a small saucer of sweetmeats and salted relishes, which were partaken of and washed down with a glass of wine. And then commenced the more important part of the feast by the army of servants setting before each guest a small bowl, about the size of a moderate breakfast cup, of birds’-nest soup, which might pass for very good vermicelli at home, and scarcely merits the celebrity it has obtained, or seems worth the enormous price it is said to cost. After the birds’-nest soup there were, venison soup, duck soup, never-to-be-sufficiently-praised sharks’-fin soup, chestnut soup, pork stew, a sort of vegetable pâtés, with gravy in a separate saucer, stag-sinew soup, shark-skin soup, second only to his elder brother of the fin, earth-nut ragout, a gelatine soup made, we were told, of the pith of stags’ horns, macerated mushroom and chestnut soup, stewed ham, sweetened with sugar or syrup, a stew of bamboo shoots, another of fish-maws, esculents with hot sauce, slices of hot cakes and cold jam-puffs; with numerous other nondescript soups and stews, in large bowls placed in the centre of the table, of which vegetables, pigeons, eggs, and more especially pork seemed to be component parts, showing Chinese cooks, like Beaumont and Fletcher’s, to be “thoroughly grounded in the mysteries and hidden knowledge of all soups, sauces, and salads whatsoever.” In such a labyrinth of novel dishes, even the most practised gourmand might have been excused for feeling a little at a loss; and our entertainers seemed to appreciate the circumstance; for when any particular good mess came upon the table, they would put some upon the plates of those near them; and Keying, with the most refined Chinese politeness, more than once took a tit-bit from his own dish, and conveyed it with his chopsticks to the honored guests beside him. Lest there might have been any one who could not contrive to make a sumptuous dinner from such materials, there were in the centre of the table roast peacock, pheasant, and ham; and tea was several times served to relieve this active “alimentary progression,” never dreamt of by Ude or Brillat-Savarin. It is worth noting as a remarkable circumstance, that during the whole

dinner there was not a grain of rice on the table, not even mixed with other food, though almost all writers tell us it is never wanting at a Chinese dinner of any sort. There was no lack of good wines, liqueurs, and mandarin samshoo at dinner, nor were the Chinese unmindful to do due honor to them by frequently pledging their guests; and this soon came to be no light matter, for they were never satisfied with a mere sip, but insisted on bumpers every time, and that the glass should be turned upon the table in proof of its having been honestly emptied. The effect upon themselves was scarcely perceptible, though we remarked a formidable-looking Tartar opposite where we sat, who, besides his share of champagne and other wines, discussed the greater part of a bottle of maraschino, and made serious inroads upon another of noyeau, stroking his chin and exclaiming "Hoh!" at each glass. The succession of soups must have occupied nearly three hours; and when it at length came to a close, Keying rose to dedicate a cup to the Queen of Heaven; and forthwith a series of low benches covered with crimson cloth, were ranged from one end of the room to the other, and were speedily loaded with roast pig, hams, fowls, and other substantial dishes, and before each a cook, or butcher, we could not tell which, sat down *à-la-Chinois*, and, taking a knife like a cutlass, commenced slicing it down, in defiance of the maxims of "The Carver's Guide," grasping the joint with the left hand, the long nails of which served for both fork and spoon. The ceremony is intended as an acknowledgment of the bounty of the Queen of Heaven, and is gone through before the guests to show them, that even after the exuberance of dishes with which they have been served, there is still enough and to spare. The sliced meat was set upon the table, as were also cold mutton and pork, none of which were eaten; and then succeeded a dessert of fruits and preserves, with abundance of wine, cordials, and samshoo. The "most prolonged breakfast," says Sir Walter Scott, "cannot well last above an hour," but he does not set any limits to dinners, as in his own practice he observed none. The one we are speaking of had already extended almost to four hours; and to the best of our recollection, the more substantial food was not entirely removed when the dessert came upon the table, while the toasts we think had commenced beforehand. The first was "The Queen of England and the Emperor of China," which was drunk with tremendous applause, the Chinese being especially vociferous, buzzing, clapping their hands, and beating the table in the most approved English public dinner fashion, the band in the adjoining room striking up what we presume was an appropriate air, but which sounded to our ears not unlike a Highland pibroch. A few other toasts followed, amongst the rest the King of the French and the King of Sweden, each of whom had a subject among the guests; and Keying then called upon the governor for a song, as a condition to giving one himself, which he afterwards did, and very well to, and joined lustily in the applause with which it was received. Twany-tsye-shing gave us two songs; the emperor's son-in-law excused himself on account of a hoarseness, brought on doubtless by the unwonted exercise of his lungs during the visit; and an attendant Tartar, a descendant of Genghis-khan, we were told, chanted a wild lilt, having many of the characteristics of an old Scottish or Irish air. On

the part of the English guests, besides the governor, songs were sung by the major-general, the chief justice, the Honorable Frederick Bruce, and Mr. Shortrede. The Chinese are fond of enlivening their entertainments with shows and dramatic exhibitions, and most authors speak of these as invariable accompaniments. The present dinner was an exception, probably because visits to foreign powers never having been before dreamt of in China, players form no part of an ambassador's retinue. However, a substitute was found in a game which we do not remember ever having seen described. Two flowers (dahlias) were given to Keying, who first twirling them round his head, and then holding them to his nose, gave one to the governor and another to the general, who was desired to hand them round the table. In the meantime a drum was kept beating in the outer room, the performer at random making a sudden stop; and the person in whose hand the flower then chanced to be found was required to quaff off a bumper of wine. This sport, from the sort of *esprit de patrie* with which it was kept up, created a good deal of amusement, the Chinese being especially mindful to watch their victims, and laughing good-humoredly when caught themselves. In sporting phrase, the pace of the evening had been uncommonly fast, and all "caroused potations pottle deep;" but whether it was the excellence of the drink or the counteracting effects of the ragouts, every one, European and Chinese, seemed quite able to carry his liquor discreetly. The company broke up about eleven o'clock, Keying and the rest of the Chinese accompanying their guests down stairs, and taking leave of them at the door, both appearing to be mutually satisfied with the meeting.

At half-past six o'clock next morning, the minister embarked on board the steamer for Canton. A man so famous in the western world as Keying, was of course the observed of all observers during his visit. He is, we should suppose, of some fifty years of age, his tall and majestic form being graced with manners at once dignified and courteous. His whole deportment, in short, was that of a perfectly well-bred man of the world; and, but for his dress and language, he might have been taken for a fine specimen of the old English gentleman of the highest class. As we saw him on such public occasions his bland countenance was beaming with good-humored benevolence; but it is of an intellectual cast, and lighted up with a twinkling eye, which as occasion demands would be equally expressive of penetrating shrewdness as of social glee.

THE *Sherborne Journal* gives the following statement respecting the farm of the Reverend A. Huxtable, at Sutton Waldron—"Our readers may recollect a reference made at Sturminster to the value of dead horses, reduced with sulphuric acid, as manure. We were not fortunate enough to visit the farm at a time when this process was going on; but we witnessed something that will astonish the incredulous still more—the dissolving of rats for the same purpose. All the vermin caught in the farm are thrown into sulphuric acid; by which they are soon converted into manure as valuable as bone-dust. Thus, on an improved system of farming, the very pests and scourges of the farmer may be converted to his advantage."



From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE LADY OF ELM-WOOD.

## CHAPTER I.

THE evening shadows were stealing on, at the close of a cold, bright winter's day. Stretched on a bed of sickness, pale, wasted, silent, lay the lady of Elm-wood. The curtains of purple velvet, dark and gloomy in the fading light, hung heavily round her, and through an opening, at the foot of the bed, a gleam of red light from the blazing fire now and then fell on her face, but did not rouse her from the deep thought in which she seemed plunged. There was much beauty even yet in her large, dark eyes and delicately formed features; but her cheek was hollow, and the tightly closed lips looked as if no smile of joy had ever parted them.

A hired nurse, the only watcher by that sick-bed, was dozing in an arm-chair before the fire, rousing herself now and then to glance at the lady, who was totally regardless of her presence. The old woman began to feel chilly as the evening closed in, and she was rising to draw the curtains before the window, when the clear, gay laughter of a child rang on the frosty air, floating up from the garden below. A look of misery passed across the lady's face, and she sighed heavily.

"Did you speak, my lady?" asked the nurse, moving to the bed-side.

"No, nurse," answered a sweet, yet feeble voice; "I want nothing—nothing that you can give me," she murmured, as the old woman turned away. "Oh, for a loving voice to cheer me in this dark hour!"

Again she lay, silent and thoughtful as before; but, after a time, she called the nurse, and, as if by a strong effort, said, "Go to him—to my husband—and tell him I am very, very ill. Say that, for the love of Heaven, I entreat him to come to me!"

She half raised her head from the pillow to listen to the old woman's slow footsteps, till the sound died away in the long and distant corridors. The slamming of a door gave her notice when the nurse had reached her destination, and she clasped her thin hands in an agony of impatience, as it seemed, to know the result of her mission.

"Surely, surely he will come now," she said; "he does not love me; he has taught my child to scoff at me; and yet, now, surely he will feel something for me!"

The door was heard again, the nurse tottered back, and stood once more beside her charge.

"My lord bids me say, he is engaged now, but will come by and by."

The lady's head fell back on the pillow, and the color that had risen to her cheek for a moment faded away. The nurse had been used to look on scenes of suffering and sorrow, and perhaps age, too, had blunted her feelings, for she reestablished herself in her comfortable chair, and sank into a doze. The lady's voice once more aroused her.

"Go to him again, nurse! say that I am dying; you see I am; tell him, I entreat him to send for Mr. Paterson to pray for my departing soul. Beg him earnestly to grant me this, only this!"

Again the messenger departed, and again the lady listened anxiously for her return, yet with less hope in her sorrowful eyes than before. Her heart sank evidently when she heard the nurse returning immediately.

"My lord says," said the old woman, "it is your fancy that is sick."

"And did you tell him, nurse, that you knew I was dying!" interrupted her listener.

"Yes, my lady; but he said, of course I should swear to anything you bid me say."

"And Mr. Paterson?" inquired the lady.

"May I send for him?"

"My lord said, 'No, he would have no canting priests here.'"

The old woman hobbled back to her seat, and the lady, covering her face, sobbed aloud.

"Cruel, even to the last!" she said at length.

"This life, that some call so happy, how dreary has it been to me! long, miserable years, ending in a death like this!" And words of long-suppressed anguish, thoughts that had burdened the heart with a weight of misery for years, burst from her dying lips.

"Poor lady!" muttered the nurse, "her mind wanders. I've heard strange stories about her. To be sure, there was something wrong, or my lord would never have kept her mewed up so close; and I dare say the thought of it troubles her now."

"To be sure there was something wrong!"

The words had been in many mouths, till it came to be believed that some dark secret, some hidden error, was the cause of the seclusion in which she was kept by her husband. The sadness of her countenance was held to be occasioned by remorse, and the tears that were sometimes seen to fall, as she knelt in prayer in the house of God, were looked upon as tears of penitence. The patience and meekness with which she bore the impertinence of some, who hinted, even in her presence, at the suspicions they entertained, only confirmed them in their belief that, in some way, she had erred grievously. "And then, my lord," they said, "is so easy and good-humored, anybody might be happy with him!" So by degrees a belief had gained ground that all was not as it should be with the beautiful lady of Elm-wood, and some dared to speak scornfully of her, even those who were unworthy to wipe the dust from her feet.

For the suspicions that had gone abroad, the undefined mysterious whispers against her, were unjust, as they were cruel. There was nothing of shame, though God knows, there was enough of bitter sorrow, in her blushes and her tears. Her spirit was too utterly broken by daily and hourly trials, of which the coarse world knew nothing, to resent insult or reply to impertinence. None knew—how should they know!—how a course of petty oppression, beginning in her earliest years, had conquered all cheerfulness and crushed all hope; and, during her married life, to none but to her God did she breathe a word of the troubles which subdued her, and to which she submitted without a struggle. The little world about Elm-wood had only seen her brought—in triumph, as it seemed—as a bride to her husband's ancestral home. They had seen, at first, a gay succession of guests at the old hall, and the young bride presiding at brilliant entertainments. But the number of guests fell off by degrees, ladies ceased to be among the few remaining visitors, and, when an occasional party met at Elm-wood, the lady was no longer seen among them. Her husband thought it necessary, at first, to excuse her absence on the plea of ill health, but it was soon understood that there were other reasons (although none knew what such reasons were) why she appeared no more, and her name was never mentioned.

She was sometimes seen by persons who visited Elm-wood on business, wandering alone in the woods near the house, like a pale yet beautiful



spirit, or tending the flowers in a small garden sheltered by the far-stretching walls of the old hall. Some, who had purposely thrown themselves in her way, said, that she replied gently to their greeting, but always in a tone of sadness. On Sunday, she never failed, unless when detained at home by severe illness, to walk to the church in the neighboring village. It was built upon the edge of her husband's park, and a little path led to it from the great house, through old dark woods, and by a little stream, that stole away at last, singing as it went, into the fields below the churchyard. The whole village was part of the Elm-wood property, and the church contained many monuments to the memory of its possessors. The family pew had still its velvet cushions and draperies, faded though they were, and here the lady knelt alone Sunday after Sunday. Rain and cold, frost and snow, all seemed alike to her. The good rector, who soon learned to take an interest in her pale and melancholy face, never failed to glance at that humble worshipper, so constant in her attendance. Sometimes he saw that she was weeping, and his kind heart longed to breathe comfort to her evidently wounded spirit. His attempts to make her acquaintance at her own house had all proved vain. Her husband, whose manner to the good old priest was full of scarcely suppressed contempt, always replied to his inquiries about the lady, by saying, she received no visitors. To speak to her on her way to or from the church was his only chance of proving to her how much he felt interested in her welfare. She always waited till all others had left the church, and then stole quietly across the graveyard, and through the little gate into the park. One wet and stormy Sunday, when the congregation was very scanty, the clergyman, Mr. Paterson, to his surprise, saw the delicate form of the lady of Elm-wood kneeling in her usual place, her meek head bowed in prayer. When the service was over, he went to her, and offered to assist her in getting home. She took his arm in silence, and, feeling that she was trembling with cold, he led her towards the rectory, whither his wife and daughter had preceded him. He looked compassionately upon her, as he endeavored to shield her from the beating rain, for she appeared so feeble, that without his help she must have fallen.

"This is trying weather for one who seems so delicate and weak as you," he said gently. "Surely you should not venture to leave home on a day like this."

"I come here for consolation," she answered sadly; "you know not how much I need it."

"But God is in every place, dear lady. From your secret chamber, He hears your prayer arise, and surely it is not well to risk your life thus."

"My life!" she exclaimed, in a tone of grief that brought tears into the old man's eyes; "my life! Why should I nurse and cherish it, as if it were a precious thing! Who would miss me if I were gone! Forgive me! oh, forgive me!" she added, after a short silence; "I know these are wild and sinful words. Forget that I have spoken them. Think of me only as of one sorely tried, to whom your ministrations have given more comfort than aught else on earth. Good and kind I know you are. Let my name be sometimes on your lips when you pray to your God. We are told the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Will you do this!" she said, earnestly, raising her eyes to his face.

"As I hope for peace I will," answered he, with much emotion.

"And when you hear that I am dead, do not grieve for me, but thank God that a wounded spirit has found peace."

"Do not speak so sadly, dear lady," said the rector. "You must be familiar with God's Word; you have read there, that He who made the worlds, even He, 'healeth the broken in heart.'"

"Yes, I feel it," she replied. "He, indeed, healeth them, but it is by taking them to himself. I have looked round me here," she continued, pointing to the graves by which they were surrounded, "and envied those who have gone before me to that home where the weary are at rest."

Some few words of comfort the good rector spoke, as he approached his own house, and opened the glass door that led into the little study where his daughter awaited him. The lady hesitated, and seemed half fearful of entering, but he led her in, and seated her beside the fire, while his daughter divested her of some of her damp garments, and insisted on wrapping her in her own cloak.

There was something so humble in the lady's gratitude, something so sorrowful even in her extreme beauty, uncared for and neglected as she seemed, that the kind-hearted family at the rectory could not but feel a touching interest in her; and when at length her carriage, for which a messenger had been dispatched, arrived to convey her home, many kind words were spoken, and none could have supposed that, till that day, the lady had been a stranger.

The next Sunday was fine and bright, but the lady was not in her usual place. She was seen no more even in her garden; and the rector, who made several vain attempts to be admitted to her presence, heard that she was very ill. He doubted not, remembering her weakness and her wan looks, that the hour for which she longed was approaching, and gladly would he have endeavored, as the minister of God, to smooth the way before her to the grave. We have seen that she, too, wished for the comfort of his presence, but even this was denied to her. Young, (for she was only in her twenty-sixth year,) innocent, beautiful, yet broken-hearted, she was left to meet her death alone.

#### CHAPTER II.

It is time that we say something of the cause of that grief which oppressed the lady of Elm-wood, and which the ignorant and unkind attributed to some error of her past life. For this purpose, it is necessary to turn to the history of her early years. Her mother died when she was an infant, and her father, a man of extravagant habits, married a second time within a year of his first wife's death. His marriage with a wealthy heiress freed him for a while from pecuniary embarrassments, but destroyed forever the peace of his home. His bride was haughty, vain, and ill-tempered, and the indifference he had felt for her at first quickly deepened into positive dislike. For a time, he seemed to find in the caresses of his child a consolation for the disagreeables of his domestic life; but his weak mind soon thirsted for excitement, and he found it at the gaming-table. By degrees a passion for play absorbed every other feeling. The birth of an heir, though it appeared to give him pleasure, did not long keep him from his darling pursuit, and, as years passed by, he saw less and less of his family, and appeared to become

totally indifferent as to their welfare. Thus his daughter was left a victim to the caprice and ill-humor of her vain and frivolous step-mother. Few were the remembrances of our childhood, which she, even in the deeper trials of her after-life, could recall with anything of pleasure. The spoiled and petted son of her step-mother, imitating the small tyranny of his parent, on every occasion asserted his superiority over the gentle girl, whose spirit was already learning its lesson of humility and submission. When she had grown to womanhood, her extraordinary beauty, though it did not increase the good-will of her step-mother, was yet looked upon by her father with something of selfish pride, and he already calculated the advantages which might accrue to himself from her making what is termed a good match.

It was while these thoughts were maturing into plans for the accomplishment of his object, that he made acquaintance with the lordly owner of Elm-wood—a man in the prime of life, yet, like himself, an habitual gambler. In their frequent meetings, these two men became intimate, and frequently played together—up to a certain time, with about equal success. At length the younger gambler began to lose; one by one he pledged all his possessions, and, in the end, rose from the table a ruined man. He might raise the money to pay his debt, but only by injuring his property past the hope of recovery. His companion observed the struggle in his mind; he balanced the advantages and disadvantages of insisting on the payment of the debt; for, while he wanted money, he yet did not wish for the publicity which the present affair, if persevered in, must give to the nature of his resources.

"Come!" said he, after some reflection, "I know it would be inconvenient to you to pay a sum like this. Let us compromise the matter. I have a daughter, beautiful as an angel: marry her, and I will take your doing so as three quarters' payment of your debt."

"You must be very fond of your daughter," said his auditor, sarcastically, "very fond indeed. Does she at all resemble yourself?"

"I have told you she is beautiful," was the reply. "You may even see her, if you will, before you decide."

The young man remained for a while in a state of moody abstraction, and then exclaimed, "No, no! I don't want to see her. I'll marry her, if she is as ugly as sin. There's my hand upon it!"

They sat down again, called for writing materials, and wrote—the one a promise of marriage to a woman he had never seen; the other, a discharge of three fourths of the debt due to him, on condition of the fulfilment of the pledge agreed upon. The two papers were duly signed; and the parties separated. And thus the father bartered away his child—thus the lord of Elm-wood obtained his bride! She was told to prepare to receive her future husband, and she obeyed; for she knew resistance would be in vain. Her father had become so entirely estranged from her, that she dared say nothing in opposition to his commands; and her step-mother showed too openly the joy she felt in the prospect of being rid of one, whose very patience was a tacit reproach to her conscience for the poor girl to entertain a hope that she would intercede for her.

The future husband came, and was not slow to perceive the repugnance of his betrothed. His

pride and self-love were interested at once; and he devoted his attentions to the hitherto neglected girl, filling her ear with the sweet voice of praise and seeming love, till he won not only her gratitude but her affection. In a very few weeks she became his bride, and went with him to his stately home, where, for a while, she deemed herself happier than she had ever been before. But he soon slackened in his attentions, and sometimes betrayed the bitterness and violence of his temper even to her. One day, when he had spoken to her with cruel, and, as she felt, undeserved harshness, the feelings that had for some time been gathering strength in her heart found utterance, and she passionately entreated to know what she had done to forfeit his love.

"My love!" he said, contemptuously, "did you never hear why I married you?"

"I thought—I hoped you loved me," she answered, in a low, timid voice.

"You thought—you hoped! Did your father never tell you of our bargain? I gave you my hand in payment of a gambling debt to your excellent and respected father. Mighty innocent you are, no doubt, and never knew that you were forced upon me; and that now your every look reminds me of the most hateful hours of my life! There—dry your eyes. Your revered parent has, no doubt, made you a capital actress; but we need not pretend to misunderstand each other. We have each won our reward in this blest union; you are mistress of Elm-wood, and I am saved from ruin, which would be bad enough, and exposure, which would be worse."

"My father!" stammered the lady.

"Yes. No doubt his conduct proceeded from the purest affection for yourself. He had, of course, every reason to believe I should make an excellent husband. There was nothing of self-interest in what he did—no desire to make use of my house and fortune, or to make a tool of myself. It matters not," he added with increased bitterness, "I have made myself a promise that he shall never cross my threshold; and I never broke my word yet, as you know," bowing to her with mock civility.

He left the room, and his bewildered hearer remained long standing in the same attitude, utterly confounded by the words he had spoken. "Was it true? Had he, indeed, said he did not love her? Was every hope gone from her forever? Was her very presence hateful to him? Oh, that she had died in the blessed belief that he loved her! Where could she turn for help, for advice? Her dream of happiness was past; nothing could restore it." Such were the thoughts that passed across her mind again and again; and, in truth, it was a hard thing for a heart so young, and so loving, to feel itself desolate and forsaken.

After a time, the hope of winning his affection rose within her, and long and patiently she strove to realize it; but alas, in vain! Months passed on, and the hour drew near in which she expected to become a mother. When a son was born to her, once more her hope revived. "Surely," she thought, "for the sake of his child he will love me." But again she was disappointed. He had returned to his old friends, and to his old amusements; and she felt at last, however unwillingly, that she could never fill a place in his heart.

Eight years elapsed between the time of her marriage and the scene with which our tale

opened. All that she had endured in that interval, none may know. Her oldest boy, as soon as he was able to talk, became his father's plaything, and quickly learned to laugh at his mother's authority. A second son, who was still dearer to her than the first, because she was still more unhappy at the time of his birth, lived only a few months; and she wept alone beside his grave. Her youngest darling, a bright, rosy girl, with dimpled smile, and eyes full of gladness, was little more than a year old at the time the lady of Elm-wood lay on her death-bed.

We return to that death-bed, where we left the dying sufferer breathing aloud the sorrows that had weighed down her spirit for years. Exhausted at length, she had once more sunk into silence, when a light knock was heard at the door; in a few moments, the nurse admitted a woman carrying a lovely infant. The lady clasped the child in her arms, kissed again and again its cheeks and lips, and almost smiled when she felt the touch of its cool hand on her brow. "You must leave her with me to-night, Alice," she said, turning to the young woman who had carried the child. "I will undress her. Nurse, help me to get up."

It was in vain that the old nurse remonstrated, the lady persisted; and, supported by pillows, she sat up in her bed, and tenderly loosened the baby's clothes, and wrapped it in its little night-dress. She even played with it as of old, and smiled to hear its merry laughter. She dismissed Alice, but, recalling her as she was leaving the room, said, earnestly—"Alice, you love this child: she will soon be motherless, there will be none to care for her. Oh, be faithful to your charge! Cherish her, do not desert her; and may the blessing of her dying mother be with you to your last hour!"

The young woman left the room in tears, the nurse sighed as she turned away; and the lady lay down with her beautiful baby on her bosom. Her heart was full of prayer, though her voice was hushed, lest she should disturb the slumber that was stealing over the child. Its calm, regular breathing was music to her ear; the smiles that broke, like gleams of sunshine, on its sweet, sleeping face soothed her, and stole into her thoughts. Full of faith and hope, she commended that precious one to the care of her Saviour; and when some struggling wish would arise, that she might have lived to protect and cherish it, still she could say in sincerity, "In Him is my trust."

Long past midnight, the old nurse was awakened from a deep sleep by a hasty step advancing across the apartment. It was the lord of Elm-wood, who thus tardily—his evening's amusement being concluded—answered his wife's summons.

"I am here, Eleanor," he said, withdrawing the curtain; "why did you send for me?" No voice replied; and he moved the lamp, so as to throw its light on the bed. The sight that met his eyes touched even him. There lay his wife, dead; and, on her bosom, its rosy cheek touching her cold lips, its round arm thrown about her neck, lay her infant, in its calm, happy sleep. He bent over them—he gazed upon that faded form, now awful in its stillness, and on that joyful infant so full of life and happiness. He remembered, as he looked on the dead, her patience, her humility, her unfailing submission to his capricious will; he remembered to what a life of solitude he had condemned her, and then he thought of her as she was when he first saw her, and when those eyes

looked lovingly upon him. Only a few hours ago, she was even as his slave, trembling at his word, obedient to his will. Now, perhaps, she was pleading her cause against him before the throne of God. Oh, if he had but come earlier! If he could only have heard one word of forgiveness from those lips, which, in their silence, seemed yet to whisper that he had been a murderer!

He turned away: "Take the child," he said, hoarsely. "Take it away from her—she is dead." He left the room. The nurse followed, and put a paper into his hand:—

"My lady bade me give you this after she should be gone," she said.

He thrust it into his bosom, and hurried into his study, where, having carefully closed the door, he again drew it forth, and began to read. It was a short letter, dated but two days back.

"Something I must say to you,"—so it was worded,—"something I must say, of all the thoughts that now, in my last hours, crowd upon my brain. I have no friend to sit beside my death-bed, and listen to my last words; no friend to go with me to the threshold of the grave and uphold me when my faith falters.

"Alone, and uncared for, I wait for death; sometimes full of fear, sometimes eagerly longing for its coming. For years I have had no friend but my God; He alone has heard the voice of my sorrows, and He alone is with me now.

"Do not fear a word of reproach from me. My short life has been a sad one; but it is to you I owe the only dream of gladness that has cheered it. For those few months, during which I believed I was dear to you, I was perfectly happy. I know my belief was vain; but I do not blame you. Our love is not our own to give and take back as we will.

"It is strange, that though years have passed since I was undeceived—years in which you have repulsed all my efforts to win your confidence, and to be to you even but a companion, when others failed you, yet now, all that long interval of grief is forgotten; and every kind word you spoke in that happier time seems sounding in my ear once more.

"But, why do I say this to you? Those kind words came not from your heart; and I am nothing to you now. I can appeal to you only as a dying woman, and pray you, by Heaven's mercy, to attend to my last wish. My baby, my fair, happy baby! Oh, look with pity upon her when she is motherless! Do not let her grow up among those who will not love her! It is a dreadful thing to live on year by year with a heart full of love, and yet to have that love despised and rejected. If I might dare ask of you compliance with my last wish, I would say, let her be placed with Mrs. Paterson, I am sure she will be happy in that home of peace.

"Farewell! I linger over these last words. Would that I might lay my head on your bosom, and breathe away my life, dreaming once more that you loved me! My presence has been a burden to you. Even now you will not come to me. It is almost over!

"Once more, I commend to you my child. You surely will love her. There is nothing in her sunny face to remind you of me. I am weary, and can write no more; perhaps, even now, I have said too much; but my poor heart was full, and I had none to comfort me. May God bless you!"



The letter fell from his hand, and he wept like a child. A change had come over his feelings towards his wife, but it was *too late*.

Some days after the lady had been laid in her grave, a group of villagers gathered round the old nurse, questioning her as to all that had happened at Elm-wood.

"You see he must have been very fond of her after all," said one. "He has asked Mrs. Paterson to take the baby, as my lady wished; and did you see how he cried at the funeral?"

"Bah! don't talk to me of such love," said the old nurse, impatiently. "If he'd shown but a quarter of the kindness towards her a year ago that he's shown since she was dead, and could feel it no longer, she'd have been a happy living woman this day. Heaven preserve us all from love like his!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### A LETTER FROM RIPPOLDSAU.\*

THIS sweet Rippoldsau!—how delightful after fashionable Baden-Baden, with its gaieties and gambling, its saddening Conversations Haus, where the sound that rests longest, and echoes most mournfully on the sensitive ear, is that which has rung like the death-doom of hope and happiness through many a heart, and carried, if not a demoniac, an unfeeling joy to another's. "Le rouge gagne, le noir perd—messieurs, faites votre jeu;" and so sounds on from minute to minute, hour to hour, and night to night, the monotonous indifferent voice of the croupier, while misery, ruin, it may be, death, attend his accents;—"Le noir gagne, le rouge perd—messieurs, faites votre jeu."

Even the Alte Schloss has become a coffee-house, and hundreds and hundreds daily penetrate its surrounding shades, and ascend its once commanding height—to regale themselves with beer and tobacco. Adieu then to Baden, without one sigh of regret! for there, solitude is peopled. Five German ladies screaming from a hired carriage, whose two weary horses revolted from such a burthen, and, asserting their claim to nationality, stood stock-still at the last hard pull of the mountain ascent, suffering the carriage and its freight to pull them down again in a backward direction, disturbed the visions of the "olden time," which I was beginning to indulge as I sat to rest beneath the dark shade of the pines; and when I gained the summit, and beheld that relic of feudal power and uncivilized greatness surrounded by well-filled little tables with their laboring waiters, and half enveloped in the fumes from pipes and cigars, I felt that the spirit of the past had fled far, far away from the Alte Schloss of Baden-Baden. I entered a little building, called "Sophia's Repose," hoping there to be alone; but in it I met a French papa and mamma, with a nurse and a little boy, whom they had brought riding on an ass to see the Alte Schloss; and while they were all resting in Sophia's repose, the little dear was amusing himself and his fond parents by dragging the donkey round and round the circular table, while the hideous contortions of the creature's mouth, being rationally attributed to its obstinacy, caused papa to interfere, and aid his son's efforts by sundry blows

and cries, which expedited the donkey's circuit of the table, and made me fly from "Sophia's Repose." Finally, Baden was left, and the glorious view from the lofty Kniebis reconciled me almost to the loss of time I had sustained there; for if I had not gone to Baden-Baden, I should not have gone to sweet, tranquil Rippoldsau. Some say that the gambling-tables, others that the railroad, have spoiled Baden, or, at least, rendered still more motley its motley society; I know not which is most to blame in that respect; and, perhaps, to my natural aversion to all such places is chiefly attributable my discontent: a Frenchman assured me it was a paradise, and an Irishman told me that at Baden everything that any one could desire in this world was to be found.

"The noblest study of mankind, is man,"

says our poet. Granted; but to avoid being cynical, let me not pursue that study at a fashionable watering-place. Rippoldsau, however, achieved a conquest; it was the only place where mineral waters or mineral water-drinkers agreed with me.

"Ah how *triste*!" exclaimed a young baron, alighting from his carriage, and desiring his horses to be ready to start again in a few hours. "Oh, how delightful!" I ejaculated, as, with a heart that thanked God for the capability of enjoying his works, the works of nature, I climbed the pleasant hill, and sank into the depths of the silent forest.

Rippoldsau is one house, or rather a collection of houses, united, or communicating together, forming a most singular and beautiful village on the borders of the great Schwarzwald—Forêt noir, or Black Forest—within a morning's journey of Strasburg or Baden, yet as retired as if a desert intervened. From the former it is approached from the town of Offenbach, through the charming vale of Kensig; and from the latter, by the romantic and better known (though by no means more lovely) valley of the Mourg; or, for diligence travellers, from the railway station of Appenweir, over the lofty Kniebis.

The pretty valley of Schapbach, in which it is situated, possesses those healing streams which have given, and most deservedly, some celebrity to Rippoldsau; I speak from experience, and grateful experience, when I say it is impossible to taste the mineral waters of Rippoldsau without feeling that they possess natural and inherent virtues.

The place itself is a curiosity; the domain of the landlord of the hôtel, who is the lord of the manor, the youngest son of the former manager: he was able to purchase the entire property twenty years ago from the Prince of Fürstenburg, and since then, to aggrandize and improve it have been his pleasures and his occupation. He is the patriarchal head of his establishment, and takes as much pleasure in promoting the enjoyment of its several members as any good-natured papa can possibly do. I shall have to relate some instances of this again; at present, let me only say, that this most amiable Monsieur, or rather Herr Göringer, has cut walks, and placed seats, and built little pavilions, wherever a walk or a seat, or a pavilion could be made on the slopes of the pine-covered mountains—the dark Sommerberg in front, and the Winterberg at the back of his mansion, at the foot of which are agreeable gardens; and in any one of these seats or pavilions I can find a scribbling-place, for few of the bathers and water-drinkers, of which there are generally from one to three

\* "Rippoldsau, one of the most attractive but least known of the Brunnens of Germany."—*Murray's Hand-Book*.

hundred—most good humored and united folks—[not English] break through the regular rules which water-drinkers usually observe. There they are, hurrying through that little court, running down like night travellers, wrapped in their great cloaks, as soon as the bell rings at half-past five or six o'clock, hastening away to begin with two, and end perhaps with twelve glasses of that most admirable, and to me who never exceeded three, most exhilarating water;—then up and down the pretty and silent road, which passes straight through our court, and leads to Wolfbach and Offenbach, for about two hours, when the tables at each side of the court become supplied with guests partaking of coffee and rolls: after which, every one disappears. I did not know at first what was then going on, but felt it was very unfashionable in me to be rambling about hither and thither between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock. I found, however, it was the usual practice to take the baths about ten o'clock, then go to bed, and afterwards make the toilet; at this time, one might suppose every one, save myself, was dead in the hôtel. About half-past eleven or twelve the gentlemen become visible, moving about, or sitting reading the journals, or devoutly smoking. Shortly before one, the ladies and their parasols make their appearance in the court, knitting as devoutly as the gentlemen smoke; for surely, if the pipe is the symbol of the male German, the knitting-needle is that of the female. Thus, they await the summons to the table d'hôte, and a really beautiful and well-supplied table d'hôte it is. The *salle à manger*, built over the river, does credit to the taste of the proprietor. The Germans do not talk very much at dinner, therefore that stunning music in the orchestra is less annoying than it might otherwise be. When the table d'hôte breaks up, the court serves as the general withdrawing room: merry voices are heard, and good-humored laughter; then, for a short space, all relapses into repose; and again our little community comes forth, and generally disperses in groups on excursions into the delightful neighborhood. Music usually enlivens the evening, for there are almost always some amateurs to give a little exercise to the grand pianoforte in the great *salle à danse*; but the day at Rippoldsau may be properly said to conclude with the arrival of the diligences, about eight o'clock, one from Appenweier, the other from Offenbach. Every one gathers round to behold the probable acquisitions to their society; an Englishman—the only one, alas! among us—told me his object was to look at the luggage that was dismantled, by which criterion he judged of the party to whom it appertained! As soon as the diligence is unloaded our whole party enter their quarters, and generally repair to the *salle à manger*, where a very nice supper can be had *à la carte* by all who wish for such. I wish I could give a sketch of Rippoldsau, with its double line of white houses, one side ancient, with an old chapel on a small eminence; the other new and handsome—both bounded by the towering pines that clothe the lofty mountains, and blend their murmur with the perpetual music of the ever-flowing streams. The proprietor of this charming spot comprises everything within his own domain. There is the post-office, and the bakery, and the forge, and a large hall appropriated to various sorts of tradespeople, pedlars and haberdashers. It is a little *seigneurie*, and Herr Göringer, the master of the hôtel, is the seigneur. Here there

is no formality, no restraint, no grandeur and vulgarity mixing together, no vice, walking unabashed and unrepressed—nothing, in short, like what one meets at Baden-Baden.

But I believe I must for the present stop short in description, in order to relate a story—a singular history. I shall tell more about my favorite Rippoldsau another time. I was invited one afternoon to join a party to visit the Wasserfall, the chief beauty of which consists in the singularity of the rocks over which it falls, resembling exactly the ruins of an ancient castle cresting the mountain. Herr Göringer made a little pavilion here at its foot, and named it after the Grand Duchess Stephanie, and then gave a splendid fête to celebrate its completion. There was abundance of coffee and champagne, and the band played away as loudly as could be desired. All his guests had been invited, and all agreed to go; but when the hour arrived, one unfortunate monsieur, having delayed too long to make his toilet, or spent too much time in making it—could he be German?—sent a message to say he would follow when the said toilet was completed. He did follow, but, unluckily, not in the right path—lost himself in the mountains and woods, out of reach even of the music, whose noise might have guided him aright; and when, at last, he was conducted back to the hôtel, after having missed the fête, he found it absolutely necessary to get rid, as quickly as possible, of the toilet that had taken so much time to make.

Instructed by this warning, I did not begin to make excuse when asked to join a party to the waterfall; for, fond as I am of solitary walks, I had already found it quite sufficient to be once lost in the Black Forest. I went, therefore, in company, and found there was no chance of having lost myself, even if alone.

But how strange is often my lot! Why is it that I am so frequently brought into the sorrows of others? made the depository of woes which, without greatly lightening another, do not a little burden myself? I know not—but God knows. This has not always been without a purpose, without an end.

Returning from the waterfall, I had been walking with a grave Swiss professor of theology and astronomy, and left him to join the ladies, who formed the advanced corps. I was struck by the worn and altered countenance of one of these, a widow lady, judging by her dress, who was my regular neighbor at the table d'hôte, where she was most remarkable from always wearing her black bonnet, with a thick crape fall, that entirely covered the upper part of her face. I inquired if she were fatigued, or ill.

"Oh! yes, I am ill," she answered, impatiently; "let us go in there and get some coffee—I must be alone."

I entered, with her, a little summer-house or refreshment-room, in a small garden fronting an inn, still called the Klösterle, that ancient convent, whose monks are said to have been in the olden time the patrons of the springs of Rippoldsau, being now converted into a church, a picturesque and prominent object in the landscape, and an inn which affords, in the height of the season, sleeping accommodation for the surplus of Herr Göringer's guests.

In this offset to the Inn of Klösterle, my companion threw herself on a bench, and her bonnet on the table, exhibiting to me, for the first time, a face which, without being positively ugly, ranked

among those so well described by the term plain. It was only for an instant, however, for the next it was buried in her open hands, with a gesture indicative of emotion bordering on despair. She was not only plain in feature, but her figure bore marks of early debility, which had left some deformity in its formation; one shoulder was higher than the other, and the bust, instead of that open carriage so charming in woman, was considerably contracted. Yet the early malady which had caused this irregularity of shape had left an expression on her countenance, which rendered it in general one of interest.

At this moment, however, its only expression was that of passion or of misery.

"You are very ill!" I said, in an inquiring manner.

"Yes, but it comes from the heart," was her answer; "it is one of my bad moments: how insufferable to me was the society I was in!"

I thought she was really suffering from a heart complaint; but, in answer to my solicitude, she murmured—"No no; it is feeling—it is the mind that suffers: these moments will come on."

"Had she no friends with her?" I demanded; "no family! was she quite alone?"

"Alone!" she repeated, with a sort of shiver; "alone!—yes, quite alone; always alone—I am dead!"

I became alarmed; surely I was in company with a deranged person. She saw my uneasiness. "Pardon me," she added, in a calmer tone. "I am the most miserable creature on earth; but I cannot excuse myself for thus giving way to my always concealed misery in your presence. I know not why I have done so; it is the first time; and yet, you are quite a stranger to me."

"A stranger, undoubtedly," I replied, "but one who can feel for human woe. Why will you say you are the *most* miserable? ah! who *can* say so!—who dare say they will not be yet *more* miserable? God is very merciful; we are not overwhelmed at once; his chastisements are those of a father who would draw his children closer to him. Can you not look to Heaven for peace and comfort?"

"Ah, truly I can—I do. Yes, God is my dependence; I have a right to look to Him: for, if God supports those who deserve his help, He will support me."

"Deserve! ah, there is the root of misery! Pride deprives us of the help we need—pride leaves us to our own support."

"I am not proud," she answered, in a mournful voice; "oh, no! But do you not think that those who have made great sacrifices for the good or happiness of his creatures, are not entitled to believe that they merit the support and favor of God?"

"No, we merit nothing; because nothing is perfect or entire on our part: even the sacrifices we make to his will and our duty are seldom entire, or if so, are often regretted or repented of. A single regret or repentance must efface their merit; and sometimes the sacrifices we make are made to our own will, or the will and desires of others, not to those of our God: those to whom we make such sacrifices occupy, perhaps, his place in our souls."

"Ah, there is something in that!" she murmured, burying her face again, with a low moan, in her extended hands.

"You read the Scriptures?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Behold, then, in the life of the Redeemer the only entire, pure, and constant sacrifice of self, yet a sacrifice continually sustained by prayer, and accompanied with perfect submission."

"He sacrificed himself to others, and was accepted," she rejoined.

"Yes, for the spiritual and moral good of others. The sacrifices we make to those we love or idolize are generally made to their temporal welfare or happiness; we may mistake, and do evil when we would do good; and when the effect of these sacrifices upon ourselves is that of inducing a repining or unhappy spirit, we may be sure there is something wrong. God loveth a cheerful giver."

"You blame me, then?"

"Blame you! how can I! I know not what you have done."

"Ah! God alone knows that."

"Then you must look to him alone for comfort, support, direction."

"Yes, I will—I sometimes do try to do so; I like you," she added, glancing at me for an instant; "I liked you from the first moment you spoke to me: it was something in the tone of your voice, I believe. I think it would do me good to speak to you often; I should weep then more than I do now."

At this moment the pretty *mädchen* entered with our coffee, and, though we spoke in French, the conversation ceased, and was not afterwards renewed. I saw some large tears roll down the pallid cheeks of my suffering companion; and, in her state of evident excitement, I felt that these would probably afford her more relief than my words would be able to do. It was only two days afterwards that one of those strange events which the romance of real life affords occurred in the hotel of Rippoldsau, the nature of which was known only to myself and the unfortunate heroine of my story.

We were seated at the table d'hôte, when a newly arrived couple, who had been arranging their toilet, appeared entering the large antechamber called the *salle-à-danse*, and approaching the folding-doors of the *salle-à-manger*. It was not so much the splendid figure of a man in the prime of life—perhaps about thirty-five years age, the eyes full of expression, lofty brow, and rich, curling hair—that struck the instant attention of our whole party, as the air of mingled happiness and pride which breathed on every feature, animated even his movements, and caused every beholder's eye to turn upon his companion, as if to seek the object that inspired such sentiments. Indeed, it was one capable of doing so. Never did I behold a sweeter vision of human loveliness in real human form than in that of the lady who leaned upon his arm. She appeared to be two or three-and-twenty, of an exquisite fairness, and extreme delicacy of feature, united to an expression impossible to describe. When I heard afterwards the remark repeated, "When she looks down, it is a Madonna! when she looks up, a Hebe!" I recognized the same kind of idea that had occurred to myself.

But a cold, hard grasp of my arm drew my attention from this brilliant pair. I turned to my unhappy neighbor; the paleness of death was on her face and lips, which were overshadowed by her crape-fall, so as only to be seen when I bent my head beneath hers; her eyes rolled like one in a fit. An exclamation that had almost burst from me aloud was repressed by the word, pronounced



in a hollow voice, but in one that bespoke a determination to be firm—

"Save me—save them!"

She seized my arm more tightly, and arose.

Led by, rather than leading her, we got out of the room and reached her chamber. She entered it with me, closed and bolted the door, and sank fainting on the floor. I had perceived enough to know that it might be of consequence to her to escape notice, and to suspect that this strange agitation had been produced by the appearance of the new comers. Nevertheless, I proposed calling the native physician, who resides on the spot.

This was, perhaps, the strongest cordial I could administer; she rallied her powers, and assisted my efforts to place her on the couch.

"No, no!" she cried, lifting her hands in supplication, "you will not do that! No physician can do me good, save he who suffers me to die! I shall be better now—more tranquil; I know all—suspense is torture—doubt is worse than certainty; yes, my sacrifice is accepted—I have not died in vain!"

Convinced that the unhappy woman was mentally deranged, I remained quite silent, treating her as one would do a patient raving in fever.

"You think me mad," she said. "I am not so: from this hour I shall be calmer, better—perhaps happier. Oh, it is hard to bear; the reflection of their happiness—*his* happiness—can it reach me! have they not walked over my tomb to gain it?"

"Compose yourself, I entreat," I said, "or I must summon the doctor." I rose to go.

"You will leave me! I deserve you should; but you will tell the doctor, you will tell every one that I am mad: they will come to see me—oh!" she turned her head aside, and groaned bitterly. "Ah! do not do so! sit down beside me—listen to me—do not leave me! I will tell you all, you will know then that I am not mad."

I sat down beside her greatly affected, and, requesting that she would not speak at all, promising to come and listen the next day to anything she wished to tell me.

"To-morrow!" she exclaimed, "to-morrow you and I may speak no more. You are a stranger to me, but I love you. Listen! it will do me good to speak; to think, perhaps, would make me, indeed, what you imagine I already am."

She held my hand tightly in hers, as if fearful I should escape, and thus began her extraordinary recital:—

"I was an only child, and, being delicate, was educated without discipline, and allowed to amuse myself by reading whatever books I pleased. My father died in my childhood and left me a comfortable fortune, independent of my mother. I thought I loved her even passionately; but, perhaps, it was because I had then no other love. I was the sole object of her cares—of her more gentle affections.

"She had a friend of her youth, a Hungarian lady, who married a Polish officer. The husband was killed; and the lady in her widowhood came to reside in a small house adjoining ours. She was poor, for her husband's property, which was settled on her only son, was left in the charge of an uncle until the youth entered his twentieth year, provision only being made for the expenses of his education at college.

"The gardens of our houses communicated. We had little other society, for my mother was a being afflicted from her youth up. Disappointed

in the affections of a wife, she hoped to be repaid in those of a daughter. She had a few intimate friends, and her own feelings and my delicate health rendered these sufficient to her wishes.

"The son of her Hungarian friend was two or three years older than myself: ill health and bodily debility rendered me capricious and exacting. I liked to be quiet and at rest; but I never imagined that any one else might like the same. Waldemar was bold, active, full of fire and spirit, and of a noble and generous disposition. His mother, who was indebted to mine for almost daily acts of kindness and consideration, wished her son in return to be useful or agreeable to me. He loved her fondly, and I doubt not that the poor boy tasked himself to the utmost to accomplish her wishes. I believe that I was always either imperious and irritable, or silent, occupied in my own reveries drawn from the imaginative works which formed my almost constant reading. A disorder of the spine rendered it necessary for me to take exercise reclining on a little carriage. Waldemar was employed to draw me about the gardens. I believe he hated the task; but I read almost all the time, and never thought whether he hated it or not, uttering only a peevish expression or an angry exclamation when some accident or unfortunate jolt disturbed my repose. At the age of thirteen, however, he went to college; and on leaving it obtained a commission in an Austrian regiment of cavalry.

"I saw him in his twentieth year, just as he came into possession of his property; and with a generous and bounding heart hurried to his mother's humble abode, and would have made her leave it to reside with him in the Austrian capital, into whose pleasures he was beginning to enter with all the ardor of a young and glowing soul. The struggle was great in the mother's heart, between the desire to maintain her beloved retirement, and the maternal solicitude that urged her to watch over her son, and shield him by her love.

"The latter triumphed; and Waldemar only left her to make the necessary preparations for her residence at Vienna.

"I saw him then, the slave of my girlish days, now young, rich, handsome, elegant, admired, a favorite even at the Austrian court; and I saw him all this without ever dreaming that he could be more to me than any other fine young man, brimful of the world, life, and their pleasures.

"In the short interval that was to elapse before his mother joined them, what events and changes took place! The revolution broke out in Poland. Waldemar deserted his regiment to aid the struggle of a country he knew not by experience against its tyrants.

"The result of that struggle is too well known. Europe looked on, and Poland fell again into the jaws of the vast monster from which it would have extricated itself. Alas, alas! for the subsequent history of its exiled, and too often self-abandoned ones! Waldemar had not completed his twentieth year. With unheard-of rashness he reentered the Austrian territories, and found himself beside a gendarme reading his own name in the list of the proscribed, which was overhung by the citizens with a laurel-wreath. Crossing the Carpathian mountains on foot, exhausted, wounded, foot-sore, he reached his mother's dwelling, which he had left last in all the pride and flush of hope, and youth, and wealth,—an exile, deprived of all, save life and honor only, he returned to sink his weary head on that still loving and ever unrepining heart.

"I had seen Waldemar in his brilliant hour, and if I too admired him, no other sentiment was then in my breast. Something more than beauty, than brilliancy, than wealth, than the admiration of others, was requisite to gain such love, such fatal love, as mine. That *something* was suffering, for I believe a woman never can love the man she admires as she can love him whom she pities. I saw Waldemar again—an exile, denounced, wounded, faint, deprived of all save honor. I loved him—such is woman's fate."

She hid her face, was silent, and sobbed deeply.

"Yes," she continued, "I blush, though I have been his wife, to say it; I loved one who would never have dreamed of such a sentiment on my part any more than on his own. I hid it long in my heart. The feelings I was conscious of cherishing made me more distant and reserved towards their object, while I envied his mother and mine the cares they bestowed, the tender offices his state required, for his head had been nearly laid open by a sabre-cut, and the wound was imperfectly healed. I shrunk from the performance of the least of them, and thus, doubtless, increased his alienation, for if he was kind or attentive to me it must have been for the sake of our parents. As soon as he was well Waldemar was to join his compatriots, who sought an asylum in France, from whose government he had resolved to accept the trifling pension allowed to the patriot Poles, instead of, as his mother wished, repairing to England—a country which owed less to the Polish arms and Polish nation, but whose people, at least individually, sympathized with them as much."

"It was only when he was actually mounted on horseback at his mother's door, about to part from us perhaps forever, that some indication of my long-repressed feelings appeared. I approached with a rapid movement to the side of his horse, pressed the hand he offered me to my cheek, and cried, 'Farewell! Heaven bless thee, Waldemar. Mayest thou at least be happy!' With a burst of smothered anguish I rushed into the house. He told me afterwards that he had often thought of that unusual emotion, which he had never believed me capable of feeling; so little known in general are those passions which run dark and low in their own rarely approached current. Five years afterwards Waldemar came once more to our retirement, in order to receive the last blessing and attend the funeral of his beloved mother. They had been years of trial to him. The impoverished, exile's lot is a bitter and too generally a ruinous one; but he still retained his noble character and disposition. As for his aspect—you have seen it."

"These five years had dragged their weight over me. I fancied I had loved my mother. Alas! I did not seek her happiness, that sole proof of love was wanting. I was unhappy myself, I did not care for the happiness of others. Oh! how clearly one sees one's conduct when the time to amend it is forever gone!"

"After his poor mother's death Waldemar remained, during the rest of his visit, entirely in our house. He was uniformly kind and attentive to me. I did not then think, as I afterwards did, that his feelings were those of gratitude for the kindness shown to his mother. I heard of all his privations and humiliations, for he was obliged to make use of his talents as a painter to support himself, and I experienced a sort of delirious joy in hearing of them, for I knew that my fortune could

free him from them, and I resolved to blind my eyes to my own wishes and to cause my mother to make him an offer of this, together with my hand, as an act of generous friendship on my part."

"I told my mother my wishes, but I refused to listen to her arguments against them; I was deaf to her persuasions, her entreaties. She loved Waldemar, but she opposed my project. Perhaps she saw our unsuitability; perhaps—perhaps she was aware of his total want of reciprocity with my sentiments."

"Accustomed, notwithstanding, to obey me—at least, to yield to my will, for with a spoiled child the parent's place is always reversed, she managed to make known to Waldemar the offer of my fortune and my hand. He received the proposal with the deepest, most unbounded gratitude; assured her he saw all the magnanimity that dictated it; but, taking to himself, or appearing to do so, all the credit of a generous self-renunciation, he declined, as he said, for *our* sakes, to avail himself of it."

"We did both give him credit for magnanimity, but in consequence I fell ill. In the hours of suffering I opened my long-closed heart to my mother. She saw all my deep-rooted love, she knew that I only lived and breathed for Waldemar. Probably she foresaw misery on either side, but her affection for me conquered her scruples; she suffered Waldemar to be aware of my affection. She told me afterwards that he turned pale as death on hearing of it, and pressing her hand in silence to his lips, quickly left the room. In a short time he returned; the struggle, whatever caused it, was over; he requested permission to see me directly. In short, we were soon afterwards man and wife."

A silence of some moments followed the last words. Raising up her head with a deep sigh, the unhappy narrator continued:—

"Waldemar wished to make France still his residence. We removed there with my mother. Poor woman! I never then reflected on what it must have cost her to leave, at her age, her own native land to live among strangers to whose language she had a then national antipathy, and which she could not in the least understand. I had other cares, other attentions to offer. I never thought of her nearly solitary existence in the house of her daughter. But now, oh! how drearily sounds upon my heart the echo of her oft-repeated words, 'Mein faderland!' Poor woman! she was taken from the evil—she died before the hour of my punishment arrived. More than a year after my mother's death I was then myself a mother. The orphan daughter of one of her relations, who had entered into business in England when a young man, and married an English lady, wrote to me expressing her intention of going to reside in Germany among her late father's connections, her mother having died in her infancy: she had little acquaintance with her English relations, and it was her father's desire that she should reside in Germany, where the property he left her would render her sufficiently independent. A family going to France had offered to convey her there, and she proposed coming to me in hopes that I could further her on her road to the south of Germany. I was glad to receive her visit, glad to think I might be useful to her, for I knew my mother would have been so, and already conscience made me feel its sting, though not yet had I awoke to a sense of the worth I had lost—of the affection I had latterly so scantily returned."

"Rosa came. Well! I see you listen with ex-

pectation. You expect that I have some complaint to make, some wrongs to deplore—committed against me, too, by one who has appeared to you so pure, so lovely. I have none, save that she was too good—too beautiful, that her soul was filled with pure and noble sentiments, and that a voice of thrilling sweetness conveyed them irresistibly to the listener's heart. Yes, I admired—I loved her. Her gentleness, her unassumed modesty, the blush that kindled on her cheek as she uttered in correct French, but in her own sweet English accents, words of wisdom and heavenly love, setting us right in many opinions and notions with the air of a learner far more than that of a teacher—these would have won my regard, even without the affection which she constantly showed to my child and myself. She came among us when the infant was only a few days old, and from the moment she took it in her arms it seemed to enter into her affections. It was during Rosa's visit that I became first enlightened as to my husband's true disposition and character.

"Strange to say, notwithstanding all my idolatry—the devotion of my love to him—I was more sensible of its faults than of its virtues. But my love was not of that nature which seeks to remedy defects in its object, and aims to love perfection. It was in Rosa's society that Waldemar seemed to acquire a knowledge of himself, or, if previously sensible of the defects of a character for which education had done little, it was from her that he appeared to catch that inspiration which tends to all that is high, and elevating, and ennobling in man. He felt her influence, and was grateful for it. I had never thought of exerting any, even if I could have possessed it, and a child in comparison of age was my superior in wisdom and virtue, in every quality that renders woman the dignified and worthy companion of man.

"It was, as I have said, during Rosa's visit that I became enlightened as to my husband's real disposition. Alas! too late, too fatally enlightened! I discovered that it was susceptible, ardent, tender, and passionate; I found that his deep and fervent feelings had lain ever dormant, that he had never loved! This I had sometimes suspected; indeed, from his words had even almost concluded; but who could see the altered expression of his face, of those speaking eyes, and not now perceive that a new, a transforming passion, had for the first time entered his soul! I knew, I felt it—with horror for him, far, far more than for myself. The victim of my own unrestrained will, I had shrouded that brilliant life with gloom, and cast the dull, chill shadow of death over that ardent heart and impetuous spirit. I had loved without being beloved, and I must cling like a blighted, destructive thing about the object which that love destroyed."

"Oh! spare yourself," I exclaimed; "for pity do not—"

"Ah! do not interrupt me," she replied, squeezing my hand tightly in hers, "you cannot think the relief that words sometimes impart. Let me talk on for the first—the last time.

"At first it was for Waldemar only I felt, for his conduct, his manner was such as to prevent me from knowing the bitter sting of jealousy. It was not for long, however, that I was free from that cruel pang. I well remember the first time I felt it. Waldemar was a skilful painter, and in the time of his poverty had employed himself in portrait-painting. He still amused himself in taking likenesses, and was employed one day on Rosa's

when I only was present. Pushing the portrait from him, as if discontented with his work, he exclaimed aloud, 'It is impossible! who could depict such a face! When she looks down it is a Madonna, when she looks up a Hebe.'

"I glanced at the opposite mirror, saw my own *triste* countenance and plain features, and wished I were Rosa, or that Rosa were in my place. The love I bore to Waldemar was such that my happiness, even if he were outwardly unchanged to me, could never be purchased at the expense of his. I knew now, that though until that time he had been content, he had never known happiness, at least what now appeared to him to be happiness, and he was past the age of vivid and momentary passion—he had reached that period when the feelings become concentrated, deep, unchangeable.

"The next circumstance that served to confirm these sentiments on my part, was one that is ever present to my memory, even to my sight. Rosa sat in a window holding my child asleep on her lap. She was looking down on its peaceful face; her own was as calm, as pure. I was engaged on some small household occupation in the room, and twice called Waldemar to my aid without receiving a reply. I turned, and saw him sitting opposite the nurse and child, his regards fastened upon them, and these regards so indicative of that deep and ardent affection which dwelt unelicited within his soul. Oh! the serpent's sting then indeed pierced my very heart. I felt that these two were the objects of his love; I suffered myself to think that even the child would have been more beloved had it called Rosa mother.

"Yes, I was wrong; I see you think so; but do not interrupt me. The second time, or perhaps the third, that I called Waldemar, Rosa looked up at him, and caught that same regard. He started like one awaking from a dream, and mechanically hastened towards me. She colored deeply, and meeting a sorrowful glance from me, turned very pale. A few moments afterwards, though Waldemar, without having observed what past, returned to his seat, she rose up, and giving me the infant, made an excuse for leaving the room. She never again took it in her arms when he was present.

"Just at this time one of his relations died, and Waldemar inherited his property. Alas! what a few years before would have conferred happiness, perhaps now increased his regrets. Had he then possessed his fortune I should not have been his wife—not that he married me for money. No, it was for pity. Well, I will be calm!—There, do not speak; let me go on. Rosa's visit had been prolonged from time to time, because we gave her hopes of accompanying her into Germany when our child was a few months older. She would, however, be no longer delayed. I knew her reason, I saw her sense of delicacy, and no longer offered any resistance to a departure that for all our sakes both pleased and pained me. I was well aware that Waldemar had never by words, nor, voluntarily, even by a look, betrayed the state of his feelings, if this were fully known to himself. They say love is blind, but certainly it believes all others are so.

"Perhaps, however, it was the approaching separation that clearly revealed to himself the truth to which I could not be insensible. It was the day before Rosa's departure that I reached, without being perceived, the arbor in the garden, which was a favorite resort with us all, and generally occupied by Rosa and Waldemar. There they had



spent hours in reading, drawing, and singing. All her tastes and pursuits agreed with his—none of mine.

"As I approached the summer-house I heard the sound of Waldemar's voice speaking in a repressed tone, and saw him leaning with his arm over the back of his seat, turned towards his companion, but his face concealed from her behind her shoulder. I saw he was agitated, and curiosity, which so often brings its own punishment, tempted me to stop and listen.

"Yes," he said, "I am glad you are going away."

"You are not complimentary," replied Rosa, smiling, but her smile seemed forced, and turning her head over her shoulder she caught a glimpse of his countenance. "Ah! Waldemar," she cried, "you suffer—you are unhappy!"

"He turned suddenly round; that voice of surprise and emotion, of unaffected anxiety, was indeed irresistible. He hastily caught her hand and looked in her face.

"Yes, I suffer, I am unhappy," he said; "the most miserable, the most hopeless of men. Oh, Rosa, if you knew all!"

"I should perhaps hate you," she abruptly interrupted, turning very pale, and withdrawing her hand. Waldemar's head sunk back to its former position.

"The next moment Rosa's sweet womanly feeling reproached her severity; she turned entirely round towards him, and giving him back her hand—

"Waldemar, my friend, and my friend's husband," she said, in a tone that struggled for firmness, "do not be angry with me. Listen calmly to what I say. I am young, it is true, and know very little of the world. You have known much; but still, at times, even a very ignorant and inexperienced woman may prove a useful or a consoling counsellor. I can scarcely tell why I said I should perhaps hate you if I knew all—that is to say, if I knew the cause of your unhappiness; but it is sin that causes the chief part of the unhappiness of mankind; and I have ever been taught to shrink from all that is not pure, and good, and virtuous, and just to others. Waldemar, I do not wish to be your *confidante*. Little as I know of life, my own heart tells me that a married man's *confidante* ought to be his wife only. If I were a wife, I am sure I should feel this: all other female confidences may be dangerous or treacherous. You have a devoted wife. If there be nothing in your heart you should not conceal from her, open it to her; if there be anything there, any single sentiment, you would shrink from unfolding to her, or blush to tell her, oh, Waldemar! you would not, *could* not impart it to me?"

"A silence followed: I feared to stir; and anxiety as to Waldemar's conduct contributed to keep me stationary. After a long pause, during which his face, concealed partly by his hand, might have showed the emotion which swelled the veins of his temples, he looked up, pale, but with composure, and raising the hand he held to his lips—

"Rosa," he said, "you have saved me—saved me from sinking in your esteem; saved me from my own remorse; saved me from shrinking from the regards of my wife! Yes, my sweet guardian angel shall not have to blush for having called me her friend; for still calling me so, were that title maintained by the sacrifice of life." His lips touched her beautiful and open forehead.

"Rosa, trembling with emotion, arose, she

pressed his hand between both of hers, and murmuring, "God grant it may be so; and that I, too, if ignorantly I have erred, may be saved from my own remorse!" withdrew too quickly to allow Waldemar to reply to these last words, and hurried along the path in an opposite direction to that on which I stood. Waldemar, respecting her feelings and conduct, did not attempt to follow; but turned away to the other side, and consequently stood before me ere I had time to escape, even had I desired to do so. An involuntary start of surprise it was impossible for him to avoid, and an expression of conscious guilt, equally involuntary, and perhaps still more causeless, for an instant discomposed his candid countenance. The next he had recovered himself; and speaking with gravity, and with a manner that might have reassured me for the future, he said—

"Maria, have you been here long enough to learn with me to admire more fully, and reverence more deeply, the noble and lovely character of your friend!"

"That was the turning point in my life's history: had I used it aright, Waldemar might still have been my husband. But what wife, what woman ever submitted tranquilly to such emotions of jealousy as then tormented me? Instead of meeting the candid spirit of my husband with meekness or affection, instead of causing him to feel, amid the wanderings of his own heart, the fixedness of mine, I coolly answered, in commonplace terms, 'I have been here long enough to learn to regret the folly that urged me to place myself or my fortune at the disposal of one who was to prove himself so regardless of an undesired boon.'

"Fire flashed from the proud eyes that were bent upon me. A look of scorn—the first I had ever met—made me feel the littleness that had breathed in my words; that lofty brow seemed to distend, the nostrils dilated. But Waldemar's conscience was not clear of having wronged me, at least in heart; impetuous as he was, he checked the rising passion. My own heart had whispered to me, 'Throw yourself at his feet; into his arms—it is not yet too late.' But pride and jealousy spoke otherwise.

"Maria," Waldemar resumed, "I will not be angry, for in some respects I deserve your reproaches. As for yourself—"

"I was in hopes he was going to make some insulting remark; but he only added—

"It is too late to think of restitution in that respect; but as to your fortune, from henceforth not a penny of it shall ever pass through my hands. You say these gifts were unsolicited. It is true; but you cannot believe that in accepting them I was influenced by mercenary motives, since they were unhesitatingly declined when I thought that the desire of freeing me from the deplorable condition of a proscribed man alone dictated that generous offer. Yet, Maria, though the knowledge of your affection alone actuated me in accepting them, I should, perhaps, have done better had I candidly told you that the recollections of my boyhood had done anything but prepare the way for a love of riper years; but, when flattered by the hope that a union with me would promote your happiness, I was also tempted to believe that I should be more satisfied with my feelings as a husband than I could be with them as a professed lover. I knew your disposition. I knew that, to the man who possessed your strong affections, you would prove a devoted wife. Maria, have I ever failed in that respectful tenderness which, from the

moment you gave me your hand, I ever desired to show towards you! I speak now without premeditation, and under peculiar circumstances. You know that I am sincere. Tell me if I have failed!"

"Never, Waldemar!" I cried! and with an effort, an unfortunate effort, refrained from sinking on that noble heart which had involuntarily wronged me—yet not wronged—only given to another what I had unjustly claimed.

"Then let the past be forgotten," he said, gently pressing my hand. "Depend on my efforts to prove myself worthy of your confidence; depend upon the gratitude of your husband."

"Oh, that bitter word *gratitude*! how it stung my inmost heart! and Waldemar unhappily completed the impression it made, by adding—

"And do not visit my wrongs upon Rosa; she is wholly guiltless even of a thought injurious to you."

"Ah, if he had not added these words! if he had not alluded to her! But why do I say *if*? Are not these things the work of destiny, of Providence?"

"Oh!" I interrupted, "do we not too often make our own destiny?"

"Well, well, do not speak. Hear me. We must not discuss," she resumed as follows:—

"I coldly answered, 'Waldemar, all shall be forgiven;' and I turned away by the path Rosa had taken, leaving him to continue the other alone."

"That evening I was cold to her. I knew I was unjust, but I could not help it. I hated her because she was so much better, sweeter, lovelier than myself. She perceived my coldness, and her eyes were constantly brimful of tears, which she took every pains to prevent Waldemar from seeing. He was miserable. The hour of separation was a relief to us all. The next morning Rosa left us."

"I cannot describe the state of existence that my husband and I dragged on afterwards; it was that of prisoners confined together, chained together; but denied all social intercourse. Yet there was no enmity on either side; a reproach, an insinuation was never heard. One would have said our feelings were stagnant at our hearts; yet, perhaps, they only flowed too deeply, too wildly there. This cruel state of life was entirely owing to me—it was my fault alone. I knew afterwards that it was so. All this time he occupied my entire thoughts, my heart and soul; but to conceal this from him, to affect indifference—even apathy, was my sedulous care. Men, I had heard, despise what is easily gained. The recollection of my offered hand made me wretched; and, fool that I was, I now imagined that the apparent coldness of the wife might atone for the unsought love of the maiden. What a means of making him forget the blank which the departure of Rosa had left in our society! I devoted myself, in my whole attentions outwardly, to my child—it was the only link between us; and when I looked at it, it was not so much with a mother's fondness as with a wife's anxieties. I felt that my affection, my care for it, were all a pretence. I was punished for this also."

"One day the little thing was standing on my knees, its little feet planted firmly there, as I held it erect, wondering at its strength, and gazing sadly at it while it laughed its infant joy. It suddenly gave a sort of spring, fell back, turned black in the face, and died. Yes, all was over; the link, the only link was broken. I had seen my

error towards my poor mother when it was too late. I always see my errors when I can no longer repair them. I now saw my error towards my child. I had made it an excuse. I had been a hypocrite, a false mother, because a too anxious wife. My miserable love for one who had never loved me had lost me my mother and my child. So I thought, so I felt."

"You know well the art of self-tormenting," I interposed.

"Yes, yes: perhaps so. However, my grief, though immoderate, was silent, even sulky. I refused my husband's sympathy. I appeared to think it impossible he could share my regrets. My health, which was always indifferent, grew daily worse."

"One day while conversing with, rather than consulting my doctor, he expressed his regret that he could not prevail on my husband to try the effect of the German waters, which he had prescribed as absolutely essential for his restoration to health. My husband! Waldemar! Was he ill? He who had never known a day's illness in his life save from the effects of his wounds! He, the object of my unceasing meditation, ill, suffering before my eyes, and I knew it not: uttering daily my own complaints; sensible to the burden of my own misery, I had all this time been unconscious of his! Ah, if he were to die now! I burst into a hysterical laugh as the idea of what my state would then be presented itself to me."

"The doctor, alarmed at the effect of his disclosure, was also astonished at my previous ignorance, and justly attributed it to my excellent husband's tenderness for my feelings. Alas! he had been silent because I had been to him as a stranger. I saw immediately the cause of his refusing to go to Germany; I saw his unwillingness to excite my suspicions, and I resolved to act another part. My eyes once opened, I beheld with astonishment the change in his aspect, the hollows beneath his eyes, the heavy brow, the faded complexion—all spoke pain of mind still more than that of body."

"That night, in my silent chamber, I formed my plan; I took my solemn, steadfast resolution. It was my wish to be divorced; to see Waldemar again at liberty would, I thought, render me happy. But there were no grounds for obtaining a divorce, even in Germany; and, if it were obtained, it could not effect the object I now had in view, for I knew too well Rosa's delicate sentiments and English prejudices."

"Another plan of self-sacrifice, and one that depended wholly on myself, was necessary. I asked myself had I strength to perform it, and I felt I had."

"The next day Waldemar found me a different person, such as I had been six or eight months before. I spoke freely to him, apologized for my late behavior, imputing it only to miserable health and broken nerves. He was surprised at this return of affection, and admitted that he had suffered deeply, and felt my injustice. He imputed this change in me to the discovery I had made of his state of health. As the pledge of our reconciliation, I exacted a promise that he would obey the physician, and repair to the Brunnens of Nassau. He proposed that I should accompany him. I entreated that this should not be a stipulation. My mind, I said, had need of entire repose. I wished to change the scene and air, but could not endure a watering-place. On the contrary, it was my wish, if he would consent to it, to spend some time in travel, especially in those countries with which

we were so intimately and unhappily connected, but which he was prohibited from entering, Hungary and Poland.

"To this natural desire my husband made no objection; he believed, indeed, that such a change would tend to restore me to the peace I had lost.

"Finally, we both set out and separated in Germany. I had arranged to take a travelling servant from thence, and, after I parted from Waldemar, found an excuse for parting also with my female attendant, and taking one who was quite a stranger to me. I then hastened to the banker's where my money was lodged. Drawing out a part of it, I purchased a small annuity under an assumed name, and leaving the residue so that it could be reclaimed by Waldemar, I set forth on my projected tour. I wrote often to Waldemar, and received letters from him, the tone of which, far from that of an assumed affection, was truly consolatory to my heart. It told me that I was understood, that I was appreciated, that I was pitied. I felt that, so far as depended on himself, Waldemar would be a still better husband to me for the time to come. But this conviction did not move me, my resolution was taken; his kindness, his goodness, only gave me fresh strength to perform it. I resolved that he should be happy. Once beyond the frontier of Poland, my letters conveyed to him repeated complaints of my still failing health. This, indeed, was true; and a severe illness had nearly accomplished my purpose without a falsehood. But I soon after carried that purpose into effect.

"I easily got a person of my acquaintance, on some trifling excuse, to write a letter of my dictation, as if to acquaint one of my friends with the event of his wife's death; the person who wrote it neither knowing who it was to, nor suspecting that I was myself the wife whose death I described. I got another to direct it to Waldemar, and carried it myself to the post. The letter contained an enclosure in my own writing—a few lines, as if written before my death, affectionately addressed both to him and Rosa, conveying to them jointly the residue of my property, but without the least allusion to the connexion that was to subsist between them; they expressed only the resignation with which I quitted forever all I had loved or known.

"This was true; my sacrifice was complete; I was dead to the world. There was no chance of detection. Waldemar could never discover, even were he disposed to seek it, the place of my tomb: for it was in Poland, his unhappy land. Nearly two years have passed since my death was made known; Waldemar has been the most of that time a widower, but was his heart so? Yet sure I am he gave me some tears, and they were honest ones.

"The change in my appearance, my widow's dress and assumed name, saved me from detection. I thought I might reside with safety in a retired part of Germany, my native land. It was while on my way to the retreat I had selected, that, hearing of the charming seclusion of the baths of Rippoldsau, I was tempted to seek relief from its valuable waters. Could I have imagined an idea so wild as that Waldemar my husband, with his lovely and adored bride, would have chosen to pass their honeymoon in the same retreat?

"I shall henceforth be calm. Suspense is worse than certainty—my sacrifice is accepted—he is happy—I have not died in vain!"

It would be useless to record here the observations I made when at last permitted to speak. Argument, indeed, was now useless with the unhappy

victim of her own sensibility and error. To induce her to look to another world for the happiness which she had, perhaps wilfully, lost in this was all my words, few and feeble as they were, aimed to do.

The next morning I went to her chamber to see how she had passed the night. It was locked, and I knocked without obtaining an answer. Believing that, like many others who expose their hearts to their fellow-creatures, she had now repented of having done so, and shrunk from seeing me, I retired, intending after the *table-d'hôte*, at which I knew she would not appear, again to make inquiries for her. But at that table I heard a singular tale related, and saw Rosa listening to it with the sweet face of a pitying angel.

The poor widow lady, it was said, who had been taken ill at dinner the day before, had the same evening been distressingly summoned to her home. She was a most afflicted creature; her husband's sudden death had plunged her into such a state of grief that she was induced to come to Rippoldsau to try the "cure," leaving her children to the care of a nurse, who, to avoid being troubled by her charge, placed them all on a table while she was otherwise engaged. Endeavoring to amuse themselves there at play, the others had rolled the youngest off the table, and if not actually dead when the express for its mother arrived, it was certain that it would not be alive when she reached her home.

Stories, unlike stones, gather by moving! Perhaps some nearly incoherent expressions had escaped this unfortunate woman in her distress, and amid the bustle of a sudden departure, relating to her husband and her child, and these being ill understood by the wondering *mädchen*, were related to another and another, until, as the story passed on through the community it assumed its present connected form; or another solution of it crossed my mind, but I did not wish to believe it. Was it possible she might have herself given rise to it by making a somewhat similar excuse for her abrupt departure! Only two particulars, as likely to be facts, I further understood; namely, that she had not gone to rest that night, and set off at four o'clock in the morning.

In my long and solitary walks through the pine-covered mountains that border on the Black Forest, I had usually found them left to myself; but now I was never sure of being there alone. Many a time I saw the seat to which I was hastening already occupied by two happy creatures—like the Adam and Eve of my late lonely paradise, I beheld their bright forms glancing amid the dark trees, and starting forth in life and joy from the wild thickets, or bending their beamy countenances over the mountain stream; I heard the music of their happy voices, I felt the sunshine of their joyful faces beam upon my own heart, and, away from all other sights and sounds, I could have said the world is full of joy and love, till a sudden thought overcast its shade, and I felt the reflection of their happiness no longer! I had often said to myself, What a sweet spot is Rippoldsau to pass a honeymoon! I thought so now again, while these two, doubtless, shared the thought and echoed the words; but I shuddered while I reflected that a word from me, an unregarded stranger, could strike away all the sweetness from that place and time, and cast the gloom of the shadow of death over that beautiful and now blushing cheek.

Rippoldsau, August 20, 1845.

SELINA.



From the Examiner.

*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem.* Performed in the Steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH, Author of the "Irish Sketch-Book." Chapman & Hall.\*

We are going to give a very unsatisfactory account, we fear, of a book that has given us a very singular pleasure.

Somehow, it is difficult to describe the sort of pleasure. One should begin as if an *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* were going to begin. Wonder and enchantment are in the unpretending little volume. As, in boyhood's charming stories, to hear from a lowly-looking damsel that she was Princess of Ormuz, or Grand Sultana of the Isles of Kaledan, was the rarest delight, but a delight we could not for our lives have written down; so, now to hear, from the sensible city-bred Mr. Titmarsh, of our old boyish realm of marvel and of prodigy, of sultans and of Cadiz, of one-eyed calendars and Arab robbers, of camel trains and flocks and shepherds, of dead silent pomp and blue starlit skies, of bazaars and khaans, of talking-fountains and dancing dervishes, of barbers and basket-makers, of mosques and domes and minarets, of blue-veiled horned women from the Lebanon, and of sparrows still chirping and twittering on the housetops at Jerusalem—brings something in the dreamy pleasure of it so idle and enjoyable, that one is quite disinclined to talk. If the reader buys and reads the book, (which we advise him to do,) he will have precisely that feeling, and be disposed to excuse this extremely indifferent notice.

*Eöthen* was a wonderful book; but this is not like it. It is the book of a man who has something of his own to say; and, if he does not say it with such startling strength of style, the manner of it is his own, too, and is very easy, picturesque, and pleasant. You must not turn to it for *Eöthen's* adventurous vicissitude. It has no winter cruising with Greek sailors, no roughing it with wild and lawless Arabs, no nomadic pitchings of tents, no battlings with Egyptian plague, no bivouackings by the Dead Sea shore. The Peninsular and Oriental company watched over the traveller. There is something in the tone throughout that tells us this, and gives even the peculiar character and charm to the writing. It is the book of an artist, not an adventurer. It is a book of sights and pictures, and of the thoughts and fancies that play around them; it is a book we dare to say not the less true, for not insisting always on the literal truth; very often there is a kindly imagination in it, plainly at war with a sharp-seeing eye; and for all the attempt to tell us that the East has not been malignèd, that its life is chiefly a brutish life, and that all its enchantments are over—we feel the more strongly that the enchantments *have been*, and that there is something in the old, and in what seems to have passed away, that is everlasting still. If we are to hear that Mahometanism is bankrupt, and pining off, most pleasant it is to hear it through such lamentings as these of Mr. Titmarsh—when he fancies the Houris in Paradise saddening at the infrequent arrivals of the faithful.

From Cornhill to Grand Cairo, and back to the Quarantine Harbor at Malta, took some days over three months. There was half-an-hour at Vigo, a

day at Lisbon, a couple of hours at Cadiz, and more leisurely views of Gibraltar, Malta, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, Rhodes, Beyrout, Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Cairo. But even the half-hour at Vigo gives a good glimpse of the queer little Spanish town; shows us its little tawdry theatrical officers; and whisks past us a smirking bachelor or so out of the pages of *Gil Blas*. Then the Lisbon day is hot and dusty, but full of business; and one feels at the close of it that quite enough has been seen and said of the crackling, clattering, sunburnt city. As for the two hours at Cadiz, we may wish they had been two dozen, but we have read a volume that told us less of the pleasant town; of its blue sky, and sunny market-place; of its tall white balconied houses, and long narrow cleanly streets; of its real donnas with comb and mantle, its real cabelleros with cloak and cigar, and its real Spanish barbers lathering out of brass basins.

Before we get to Gibraltar we have made some cabin friends we are loth to part with. An obsequious archbishop, and a particularly meek, soft-hearted bishop, we would most gladly enthronè at Lambeth or Exeter. But the universal favorite will be the lieutenant in charge of her majesty's mails, Bundy by name, and by nature as follows. We desire the reader to admire the beauty of the opening sentence.

"There's a certain sort of a man whose doom in the world is disappointment—who excels in it—and whose luckless triumphs in his meek career of life, I have often thought, must be regarded by the kind eyes above with as much favor as the splendid successes and achievements of coarser and more prosperous men. As I sat with the lieutenant upon deck, his telescope laid over his lean legs; and he looking at the sunset with a pleased, withered old face, he gave me a little account of his history. I take it he is in nowise disinclined to talk about it, simple as it is: he has been seventy-and-thirty years in the navy, being somewhat more mature in the service than Lieutenant Peel, Rear-Admiral Prince de Joinville, and other commanders, who need not be mentioned. He is a very well-educated man, and reads prodigiously—travels, histories, lives of eminent worthies and heroes in his simple way. He is not the least angry at his want of luck in the profession. 'Were I a boy to-morrow,' he said, 'I would begin it again; and when I see my school-fellows, and how they have got on in life, if some are better off than I am, I find many are worse, and have no call to be discontented.' So he carries her majesty's mails meekly through this world, waits upon port-admirals and captains in his old glazed hat, and is as proud of the pennon at the bow of his little boat, as if it were flying from the mainmast of a thundering man-of-war. He gets two hundred a-year for his services, and has an old mother and a sister, living in England somewhere, who, I will wager, (though he never, I swear, said a word about it,) have a good portion of this princely income."

It is not the least agreeable characteristic of the present book by Mr. Titmarsh, that he not only has these kindly impulses, and draws for us these gentle thoughtful pictures, but has the courage not to be ashamed of them. He is not in a nervous fidget to intercept your liking of him, or them, by an idle guffaw at himself, or you. Some trivial ways, and missed opportunities, he leaves us still to regret; but they are few. Even at Athens, where he gets up an indifference not natural to him, he rewards us by his happy strokes of humor at the

needy monarch, and by such occasional true and tasteful passages as this.

"It was flat for six miles along the plain to the city; and you see for the greater part of the way the purple mount on which the Acropolis rises, and the gleaming houses of the town spread beneath. Round this wide, yellow, barren plain—a stunt district of olive-trees is almost the only vegetation visible—there rises, as it were, a sort of chorus of the most beautiful mountains; the most elegant, gracious, and noble the eye ever looked on. These hills did not appear at all lofty or terrible, but superbly rich and aristocratic. The clouds were dancing round about them; you could see their rosy, purple shadows sweeping round the clear, serene summits of the hills. To call a hill aristocratic seems affected or absurd; but the difference between these hills and the others, is the difference between Newgate prison and the travellers' club, for instance: both are buildings; but the one stern, dark, and coarse; the other rich, elegant, and festive. At least, so I thought. With such a stately palace as munificent Nature had built for these people, what could they be themselves but lordly, beautiful, brilliant, brave, and wise?"

So where, in a line or two, he lifts up a piece of the soft white marble of the Parthenon, and makes it gleam and brighten against the wonderful blue sky—or where he comes to the bay of Glaucus, and shows you the old silent ruin of Telmessus, with the couched camels, the wandering ragged children, the cheerful old desolate village, and the charming little ruins of the theatre lying out on the shore, and looking over the sweet bay and the swelling purple islands—he may have his laugh at *tu quoque* if he will, but he cannot conceal that he too is an Arcadian.

But we have hurried on too fast. We meant to have noted his tribute to all on board the steamer that carried him to Gibraltar Straits, ("down even to the cook, with tattooed arms, sweating among the saucepans in the galley, who used, with a touching affection, to send us locks of hair in the soup.") and to have given a look at Malta as we passed. This last we will yet do.

"Nor does it disappoint you on a closer inspection, as many a foreign town does. The streets are thronged with a lively, comfortable-looking population; the poor seem to inhabit handsome stone palaces, with balconies and projecting windows of heavy carved stone. The lights and shadows, the cries and stench, the fruit-shops and fish-stalls, the dresses and chatter of all nations; the soldiers in scarlet, and women in black mantillas; the beggars, the boatmen, barrels of pickled herrings and macaroni; the shovel-hatted priests and bearded capuchins; the tobacco, grapes, onions, and sunshine; the sign-boards, bottle-porter stores, the statues of saints and little chapels which jostle the stranger's eyes as he goes up the famous stairs from the water-gate, make a scene of such pleasant confusion and liveliness as I have never witnessed before. And the effect of the groups of multitudinous actors in this busy, cheerful drama, is heightened, as it were, by the decorations of the stage. The sky is delightfully brilliant; all the houses and ornaments are stately; castles and palaces are rising all around; and the flag, towers, and walls of Fort St. Elmo look as fresh and magnificent as if they had been erected only yesterday."

But we must make more skips, and get to Smyrna. Here the real interest begins.

"When I got into the bazaar among this race,

somehow I felt as if they were all friends. There sat the merchants in their little shops, quiet and solemn, but with friendly looks. There was no smoking, it was the Ramazan; no eating, the fish and meats fizzing in the enormous pots of the cook-shops are only for the Christians. The children abounded; the law is not so stringent upon them, and many wandering merchants were there selling figs, (in the name of the prophet, doubtless,) for their benefit, and elbowing onwards with baskets of grapes and cucumbers. Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyful of pistols and daggers in his girdle; fierce, but not the least dangerous. Wild, swarthy Arabs, who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in look and demeanor from the sleek inhabitants of the town. Greeks and Jews squatted and smoked, their shops tended by scrawny-faced boys, with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in; negroes bustled about in gaudy colors; and women, with black nose-bags and shuffling yellow slippers, chattered and bargained at the doors of the little shops. There was the rope quarter and the sweetmeat quarter, and the pipe bazaar and the arm bazaar, and the little turned-up shoe quarter and the shops where ready-made jackets and pelisses were swinging, and the region where, under the ragged awnings, regiments of tailors were at work. The sun peeps through these awnings of mat or canvass, which are hung over the narrow lanes of the bazaar, and ornaments them with a thousand freaks of light and shadow. Cogia Hassan Alhabbal's shop is in a blaze of light; while his neighbor, the barber and coffee-house keeper, has his premises, his low seats and narghiles, his queer pots and basins, in the shade. The cobblers are always good-natured; there was one who, I am sure, has been revealed to me in my dreams, in a dirty old green turban, with a pleasant wrinkled face like an apple, twinkling his little grey eyes as he held them up to talk to the gossips, and smiling under a delightful old grey beard, which did the heart good to see. You divine the conversation between him and the cucumber-man, as the sultan used to understand the language of the birds. Are any of those cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and is that Armenian with the black square turban Harun Alraschid in disguise, standing yonder by the fountain where the children are drinking—the gleaming marble fountain, checkered all over with light and shadow, and engraved with delicate arabesques and sentences from the Koran?

"But the greatest sensation of all is when the camels come. Whole strings of real camels, better even than in the procession of Blue Beard, with soft rolling eyes and bended necks, swaying from one side of the bazaar to the other, to and fro, and treading gingerly with their great feet. O, you fairy dreams of boyhood! O, you sweet meditations of half-holidays, here you are realized for half an hour! The genius which presides over youth led us to do a good action that day. There was a man sitting in an open room, ornamented with fine long-tailed sentences of the Koran; some in red, some in blue; some written diagonally over the paper; some so shaped as to represent ships, dragons, or mysterious animals. The man squatted on a carpet in the middle of this room, with folded arms, waggling his head to and fro, swaying about, and singing through his nose choice phrases from the sacred work. But from the room above came a clear noise of many little shouting

voices, much more musical than that of Naso in the matted parlor, and the guide told us it was a school, so we went up stairs to look."

Very pleasant—is it not? And so, through sights and scenes as richly tasting of "Araby the blest," we come to Constantinople, and begin by taking a most surprising Turkish bath. What wonders else await us—fat pashas and withered feeble eunuchs, ladies in broughams a visiting the sultan, sultanas, puffs and sweetmeats, eastern palace grounds like homely English parks, and eastern domestic tragedies like home tragedies all the world over—we must pass, to take this flying glimpse of the light and refuge of the world.

"The Padishah, or father of all sovereigns on earth, has not that majestic air which some sovereigns possess, and which makes the beholder's eyes wink, and his knees tremble under him: he has a black beard, and a handsome well-bred face, of a French cast; he looks like a young French *roué* worn out by debauch; his eyes bright, with black rings round them; his cheeks pale and hollow. He was lolling on his horse as if he could hardly hold himself on the saddle; or, as if his cloak, fastened with a blazing diamond clasp on his breast, and falling over his horse's tail, pulled him back. But the handsome sallow face of the refuge of the world looked decidedly interesting and intellectual. I have seen many a young Don Juan at Paris, behind a counter, with such a beard and countenance; the flame of passion still burning in his hollow eyes, while on his damp brow was stamped the fatal mark of premature decay."

Rhodes follows Constantinople: and such a dreamy, sunny, idle place, that one would have liked a longer stay there.

"Not even at Cadiz, or the Piræus, had I seen sands so yellow, or water so magnificently blue. The houses of the people along the shore were but poor tenements, with humble court-yards and gardens; but every fig-tree was gilded and bright, as if it were in a Hesperian orchard; the palms, planted here and there, rose with a sort of halo of light round about them; the creepers on the walls quite dazzled with the brilliancy of their flowers and leaves; the people lay in the cool shadows, happy and idle, with handsome solemn faces; nobody seemed to be at work; they only talked a very little, as if idleness and silence were a condition of the delightful shining atmosphere in which they lived."

Between Rhodes and Beyrout a white squall intervenes, told in some seven pages of admirable verse, with one or two daring rhymes, such as where

"The rushing water soaks all  
The seamen in the fo'ksal,"

worthy of *Hudibras* himself; and with touches of quiet beauty worthy of any rhymist of them all.

At Beyrout, to say nothing of the haberdasher received at Windsor for a Syrian prince, and with whom our traveller passed for Colonel Titmarsh of the household, plenty of busy eastern sights and sounds, full of music and color, are in waiting for us; and we wish we could have stayed for the scene on one of the quays, while Mr. Titmarsh sketched, and groups came staring about him. But we must hasten on to Jaffa, where everybody is sleeping through the weary daylight hours of Ramazan; where the streets are squalling at night with the very gamblers and story-tellers of old; and where queer little hints of oriental life peep out

from a comical police scene in the divan of a dignified Cadi.

And now past Jaffa to the plain beyond—

"The heaven shone with a marvellous brilliancy—the plain disappeared far in the haze—the towers and battlements of the town rose black against the sky—old outlandish trees rose up here and there—clumps of camels were couched in the rare herbage—dogs were baying about—groups of men lay sleeping under their haicks round about—round about the tall gates many lights were twinkling—and they brought us water-pipes and sherbet—and we wondered to think that London was only three weeks off."

—where the little cavalcade from the steamers set out on their journey to Jerusalem. A journey over yellow and gloomy plains; past petrified waterfalls; enlivened with black goats, and negro shepherds, and roaring, ragged Arabs; over dark, lonely, and sad mountains; and through the forlorn landscape up to the solemn ridges "on which the most sacred eyes that ever looked on this world have gazed." A journey well told; and with a threat or so of danger from a certain Abou Gosh, evaded chiefly by the non-warlike tendencies of the travellers. They were simply armed with umbrellas. In proof of the superior virtue of which accoutrements, a story is told of a certain Honorable Hoggin Armer, (admire the name!) who, lately travelling in the east, wore about his stomach two brace of pistols of such exquisite finish, that a sheikh in the Jericho country robbed him for the same.

We do not think the description of Jerusalem so successful as other parts of the book, but there are fine touches; as of the crowds at the porch of the sepulchre, and of the calm insolent gaze of the Englishmen within; and here is a little wayside sketch on the road to Bethlehem.

"Now and then a little troop of savage scowling horsemen—a shepherd driving his black sheep, his gun over his shoulder—a troop of camels—or of women, with long blue robes and white veils, bearing pitchers, and staring at the strangers with their great solemn eyes—or a company of laborers, with their donkeys, bearing grain or grapes to the city—met us and enlivened the little ride. It was a busy and cheerful scene."

We must wind up quickly. Noisy, bustling Alexandria contrasts with the grave dead silence of Turkeydom; and a perpetual shriek of donkey-boys disturbs even the placid sphynxes brooding over Nile. Over Nile's level and lonely landscape we find our way to Cairo; where everybody is robbing and cheating; but where there is plenty of brilliancy and bustle, and manliness and enterprise; and where, past the roaring and rich bazaars, and frantic street buffoonery, the desolate noble old tombs of the caliphs carry us away to a little quiet solemn thought.

We should like to have stayed in Cairo somewhat. We recognize an old friend here; amid a charming mystery of seraglio and servants, and camels and gazelles; leading a most dreamy, hazy, lazy, tobaccoed life; and wanting only still "more nothing to do." We should like to have put him in this type of ours. We should like to have described the ride to the pyramids, too—through dates, and cranes, and herons, and cool lakes, and water-courses, and brilliant green fields, and dromedaries, and old marble bridges—but we must really stop. For will not the reader, as we began by advising him, buy and read for himself this most agreeable book of Mr. Thackeray's?



We must not forget to say that it has a nicely-colored street Constantinople scene, and several wood-cut sketches as witty and observant as the letter-press.

From the Athenæum.

It appears from the preface, that in the autumn of 1844, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh started, in the Iberia steamboat, on one of those pleasure trips up the Mediterranean, which are provided by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and hold out as a temptation that the voyager will, in two months, see more men and cities than Ulysses saw in ten years; and here we have a record of these seeings, sayings, and doings. Of course, such a work is, or ought to be, light as air—as thin air; it is to be read running, as it was written: and the purpose of the writer is attained if the reader be amused. We think he will be; and shall, therefore, allow Michael Angelo room and verge enough to make his good qualities known.

The very first of his foreign memoranda may be taken as a sample of the whole work. When the lieutenant went on shore at Vigo to deliver her majesty's mails, Mr. Titmarsh and others resolved to follow his example, and though but for half an hour, to taste real Spanish chocolate on Spanish ground:—

"It was low tide, and the boat could not get up to the dry shore. Hence it was necessary to take advantage of the offers of sundry gallegos, who rushed barelegged into the water, to land on their shoulders. The approved method seems to be to sit upon one shoulder only, holding on by the porter's whiskers; and though some of our party were of the tallest and fattest men whereof our race is composed, and their living sedans exceedingly meagre and small, yet all were landed without accident upon the juicy sand, and forthwith surrounded by a host of mendicants. \* \* Through this crowd we passed up some steep rocky steps, through a little low gate, where, in a little guard-house and barrack, a few dirty little sentinels were keeping a dirty little guard; and by low-roofed, white-washed houses, with balconies, and women in them—the very same women, with the very same head clothes, and yellow fans and eyes, at once sly and solemn, which Murillo painted—by a neat church into which we took a peep, and, finally, into the Plaza del Constitucion, or *grand place* of the town, which may be about as big as that pleasing square, Pump Court, Temple. We were taken to an inn, of which I forget the name, and were shown from one chamber and story to another, till we arrived at that apartment where the real Spanish chocolate was finally to be served out. All these rooms were as clean as scrubbing and whitewash could make them; with simple French prints, (with Spanish titles,) on the walls; a few rickety half-finished articles of furniture; and, finally, an air of extremely respectable poverty. A jolly, black-eyed, yellow-shawled Dulcinea conducted us through the apartment, and provided us with the desired refreshment. Sounds of clarions drew our eyes to the Place of the Constitution; and, indeed, I had forgotten to say, that that majestic square was filled with military, with exceedingly small firelocks, the men ludicrously young and diminutive for the most part, in a uniform at once cheap and tawdry—like those supplied to the warriors at Astley's, or from still humbler theatrical wardrobes: indeed, the whole scene was just like that of a little theatre; the

houses curiously small, with arcades and balconies, out of which looked women apparently a great deal too big for the chambers they inhabited; the warriors were in gingham, cottons, and tinsel; the officers had huge epaulets of sham silver lace drooping over their bosoms, and looked as if they were attired at a very small expense. Only the general—the captain-general, (Pooch, they told us, was his name: I know not how 'tis written in Spanish)—was well got up, with a smart hat, a real feather, huge stars glittering on his portly chest, and tights and boots of the first order. Presently, after a good deal of trumpeting, the little men marched off the place, Pooch and his staff coming into the very inn in which we were awaiting our chocolate. Then we had an opportunity of seeing some of the civilians of the town. Three or four ladies passed, with fan and mantle; to them came three or four dandies, dressed smartly in the French fashion with strong Jewish physiognomies. There was one, a solemn lean fellow in black with his collars extremely turned over, and holding before him a long ivory-tipped ebony cane, who tripped along the little place with a solemn smirk, which gave one an indescribable feeling of the truth of Gil Blas, and of those delightful bachelors and licentiates who have appeared to us all in our dreams. In fact we were but half an hour in this little queer Spanish town; and it appears like a dream too, or a little show got up to amuse us. Boom! the gun fired at the end of the funny little entertainment. The women and the balconies, the beggars and the walking Murillos, Pooch and the little soldiers in tinsel, disappeared, and were shut up in their box again. Once more we were carried on the beggars' shoulders out of the shore, and we found ourselves again in the great stalwart roast-beef world; the stout British steamer bearing out of the bay, whose purple waters had grown more purple. The sun had set by this time, and the moon above was twice as big and bright as our degenerate moons are."

Important cities are, of course, difficult to be grappled with in such hurried visits. Besides, as Mr. Titmarsh observes, at Lisbon—

"A great misfortune which befalls a man who has but a single day to stay in a town, is that fatal duty which superstition entails upon him of visiting the chief lions of the city in which he may happen to be. You must go through the ceremony, however much you may sigh to avoid it; and however much you know that the lions in one capital roar very much like the lions in another; that the churches are more or less large and splendid; the palaces pretty spacious, all the world over; and that there is scarcely a capital city in this Europe but has its pompous bronze statue or two of some peri-wigged, hook-nosed emperor, in a Roman habit, waving his bronze baton on his broad-flanked brazen charger. We only saw these state old lions in Lisbon, whose roar has long since ceased to frighten one. First we went to the church of St. Roch, to see a famous piece of mosaic work there. It is a famous work of art, and was bought by I don't know what king, for I don't know how much money. All this information may be perfectly relied on, though the fact is we did not see the mosaic work; the sacristan who guards it was yet in bed; and it was veiled from our eyes in a side chapel by great dirty damask curtains, which could not be removed, except when the sacristan's toilette was done, and at the price of a dollar. So we were spared this mosaic exhi-

bition; and I think I always feel relieved when such an event occurs. I feel I have done my duty in coming to see the enormous animal—if he is not at home, *Virtute mea me, &c.*—we have done our best, and mortal can do no more."

As a summary of his observations, we may state, that the churches at Lisbon are of the "florid periwig architecture"—the palaces large, as palaces usually are—the pictures in them somewhat more than usually abundant in allegories—that the streets are thronged with mules, gallegos with water-barrels on their shoulders, and Belema omnibuses; that the men are good-looking, but the women only so-so; that there are "little dusty-powdered gardens, in which the people make-believe to enjoy the verdure"—and a state-carriage museum:—

"A museum of huge, old, tumble-down, gilded coaches of the last century, lying here, mouldy and dark, in a sort of limbo. The gold has vanished from the great, lumbering, old wheels and pannels; the velvets are woefully tarnished. When one thinks of the patches and powder that have simpered out of those plate-glass windows—the mitred bishops, the big-wigged marshals, the shovel-hatted abbés which they have borne in their time—the human mind becomes affected in no ordinary degree. Some human minds heave a sigh for the glories of bygone days; while others, considering rather the lies and humbug, the vice and servility, which went framed and glazed and enshrined, creaking along in those old Juggernaut cars, with fools worshipping under the wheels, console themselves for the decay of institutions that may have been splendid and costly, but were ponderous, clumsy, slow, and unfit for daily wear. The guardian of these defunct old carriages tells some prodigious fibs concerning them; he pointed out one carriage that was six hundred years old in his calendar; but any connoisseur in bricabrac can see it was built at Paris in the Regent Orleans' time."

Two hours only, require a quick eye and a ready hand to turn even Cadiz to profitable use and publishing advantage. Yet Titmarsh observes—

"To have passed only two hours in Cadiz is something—to have seen real donnas with comb and mantle—real caballeros with cloak and cigar—real Spanish barbers lathering out of brass basins—and to have heard guitars under the balconies; there was one that an old beggar was jangling in the market, whilst a huge leering fellow, in bushy whiskers and a faded velvet dress, came singing and jumping after our party—not singing to a guitar, it is true, but imitating one capitally with his voice, and cracking his fingers by way of castanets, and performing a dance such as Figaro or Lablache might envy. How clear that fellow's voice thrums on the ear even now; and how bright and pleasant remains the recollection of the fine city and the blue sea, and the Spanish flags floating on the boats that danced over it, and Joinville's band beginning to play stirring marches as we puffed out of the bay."

The view of Gibraltar from the ship's deck, is better than the more elaborate one of the town itself:—

"The Rock looks so tremendous that to ascend it, even without the compliment of shells or shot, seems a dreadful task—what would it be when all those mysterious lines of batteries were vomiting fire and brimstone; when all those dark guns that

you see poking their grim heads out of every imaginable cleft and zigzag should salute you with shot, both hot and cold; and when, after tugging up the hideous perpendicular place, you were to find regiments of British grenadiers, ready to plunge bayonets into your poor panting stomach, and let out artificially the little breath left there? It is a marvel to think that soldiers will mount such places for a shilling—ensigns for five and ninepence—a day: a cab-man would ask double the money to go half way."

Malta also may be disposed of in a few paragraphs; the rest of the description, though of more pretension, has less merit. A first impression is a reality which twenty years' residence ought not to modify:—

"On the 5th, to the inexpressible joy of all, we reached Valetta, the entrance to the harbor of which is one of the most stately and agreeable scenes ever admired by sea-sick traveller. The small basin was busy with a hundred ships, from the huge guard-ship, which lies there a city in itself; merchantmen loading and crews cheering, under all the flags of the world flaunting in the sunshine; a half-score of busy black steamers, perpetually coming and going, coaling and painting, and puffing and hissing in and out of harbor; slim men-of-war's barges shooting to and fro, with long shining oars flashing like wings over the water; hundreds of painted town-boats, with high heads and white awnings—down to the little tubs in which some naked, tawny young beggars came paddling up to the steamer, entreating us to let them dive for halfpence. Round this busy blue water rise rocks blazing in sunshine, and covered with every imaginable device of fortification: to the right, St. Elmo, with flag and lighthouse; and opposite, the Military Hospital, looking like a palace; and all round, the houses of the city, for its size the handsomest and most stately in the world. Nor does it disappoint you on a closer inspection, as many a foreign town does. The streets are thronged with a lively comfortable-looking population; the poor seem to inhabit handsome stone palaces, with balconies and projecting windows of heavy carved stone. The lights and shadows, the cries and stench, the fruit-shops and fish-stalls, the dresses and chatter of all nations; the soldiers in scarlet, and women in black mantillas; the beggars, boatmen, barrels of pickled herrings and maccaroni; the shovel-hatted priests and bearded capuchins; the tobacco, grapes, onions, and sunshine; the sign-boards, bottle-porter stores, the statues of saints and little chapels, which jostle the stranger's eyes as he goes up the famous stairs from the water-gate, make a scene of such pleasant confusion and liveliness as I have never witnessed before. And the effect of the groups of multitudinous actors in this busy, cheerful drama, is heightened, as it were, by the decorations of the stage. The sky is delightfully brilliant; all the houses and ornaments are stately; castles and palaces are rising all around; and the flag, towers, and walls of Fort St. Elmo look as fresh and magnificent as if they had been erected only yesterday."

Respecting Athens, Mr. Titmarsh has a word or two to say, which may be thought pertinent or impertinent, according to the reader's humor:—

"Not feeling any enthusiasm myself about Athens, my bounden duty, of course, is clear to sneer and laugh heartily at all who have. In fact,

what business has a lawyer, who was in Pump-court this day three weeks, and whose common reading is law reports or the newspaper, to pretend to fall in love for the long vacation with mere poetry, of which I swear a great deal is very doubtful, and to get up an enthusiasm quite foreign to his nature and usual calling in life! What call have ladies to consider Greece 'romantic,' they who get their notions of mythology from the well-known pages of 'Tooke's Pantheon!' What is the reason that blundering Yorkshire squires, young dandies from Corfu regiments, jolly sailors from ships in the harbor, and yellow old Indians returning from Bundelcund, should think proper to be enthusiastic about a country of which they know nothing; the mere physical beauty of which they cannot, for the most part, comprehend; and because certain characters lived in it two thousand four hundred years ago! What have these people in common with Pericles—what have these ladies in common with Aspasia (O fie!)! Of the race of Englishmen who come wondering about the tomb of Socrates, do you think the majority would not have voted to hemlock him! Yes; for the very same superstition which leads men by the nose now, drove them onward in the days when the lowly husband of Xantippe died for daring to think simply and to speak the truth. I know of no quality more magnificent in fools than their faith; that perfect consciousness they have that they are doing virtuous and meritorious actions, when they are performing acts of folly, murdering Socrates, or pelting Aristides with holy oyster-shells, all for virtue's sake."

Titmarsh states modestly that he was not in a right temper of mind to profit by his visit, but we cannot admit this; the last sad truth alone is proof to the contrary. But let him state his own case:—

"This is an improper frame of mind for a person visiting the land of Æschylus and Euripides; add to which, we have been abominably overcharged at the inn: and what are the blue hills of Attica, the silver calm basin of Piræus, the heathery heights of Pentelicus, and yonder rock crowned by the Doric columns of the Parthenon, and the thin Ionic shafts of the Erechtheum, to a man that has had little rest, and is bitten all over by bugs? Was Alcibiades bitten by bugs, I wonder! \* \* \* I wished all night for Socrates' hammock or basket, as it is described in the 'Clouds;' in which resting-place, no doubt, the abominable animals kept perforce clear of him."

Smyrna is the first place that satisfies the traveller. Lisbon is declared a failure, Athens a dead failure, Malta very well, but not worth the trouble and sea-sickness; but—

"Smyrna came, and rebuked all mutinous cockneys into silence. Some men may read this who are in want of a sensation. If they love the odd and picturesque, if they loved the Arabian Nights in their youth, let them book themselves on board one of the Peninsular and Oriental vessels, and try one *dip* into Constantinople or Smyrna. Walk into the Bazaar, and the East is unveiled to you; how often and often have you tried to fancy this, lying out on a summer holiday at school! It is wonderful, too, how *like* it is; you may imagine that you have been in the place before, you seem to know it so well! The beauty of that poetry is, to me, that it was never too handsome; there is no fatigue of sublimity about it. Shacabac and

the Little Barber play as great a part in it as the heroes; there are no uncomfortable sensations of terror; you may be familiar with the great Afreet, who was going to execute the travellers for killing his son with a date-stone. Morgiana, when she kills the forty robbers with boiling oil, does not seem to hurt them in the least; and though King Schahriar makes a practice of cutting off his wives' heads, yet you fancy they have got them on again in some of the back rooms of the palace, where they are dancing and playing on dulcimers. How fresh, easy, good-natured, is all this! How delightful is that notion of the pleasant Eastern people about knowledge, where the height of science is made to consist in the answering of riddles! and all the mathematicians and magicians bring their great beards to bear on a conundrum! When I got into the bazaar among this race, somehow I felt as if they were all friends. There sat the merchants in their little shops, quiet and solemn, but with friendly looks. There was no smoking, it was the Ramazan; no eating; the fish and meat fizzing in the enormous pots of the cook-shops are only for the Christians. The children abounded; the law is not so stringent upon them, and many wandering merchants were there selling figs (in the name of the prophet, doubtless,) for their benefit, and elbowing onwards with baskets of grapes and cucumbers. Countrymen passed bristling over with arms, each with a huge bellyful of pistols and daggers in his girdle; fierce, but not the least dangerous. Wild swarthy Arabs, who had come in with the caravans, walked solemnly about, very different in look and demeanor from the sleek inhabitants of the town. Greeks and Jews squatted and smoked, their shops tended by sallow-faced boys, with large eyes, who smiled and welcomed you in; negroes bustled about in gaudy colors; and women, with black nose-bags and shuffling yellow slippers, chatted and bargained at the doors of the little shops. There was the rope quarter and the sweetmeat quarter, and the pipe bazaar and the arm bazaar, and the little turned up shoe quarter, and the shops where ready-made jackets and pelisses were swinging, and the region where, under the ragged awnings, regiments of tailors were at work. The sun peeps through these awnings of mat or canvass, which are hung over the narrow lanes of the bazaar, and ornaments them with a thousand freaks of light and shadow. Cogia Hassan Alhabbal's shop is in a blaze of light; while his neighbor, the barber and coffee-house keeper, has his premises, his low seats and narghiles, his queer pots and basins, in the shade. The cobblers are always good-natured; there was one who, I am sure, has been revealed to me in my dreams, in a dirty old green turban, with a pleasant wrinkled face like an apple, twinkling his little grey eyes as he held them up to talk to the gossips, and smiling under a delightful old grey beard, which did the heart good to see. You divine the conversation between him and the cucumber-man, as the Sultan used to understand the language of the birds. Are any of those cucumbers stuffed with pearls, and is that Armenian with the black square turban Haron Alraschid in disguise, standing yonder by the fountain where the children are drinking—the gleaming marble fountain, chequered all over with light and shadow, and engraved with delicate arabesques and sentences from the Koran? But the greatest sensation of all is when the camels come. Whole strings of real camels, better even than in



the procession of Blue Beard, with soft rolling eyes and bended necks, swaying from one side of the bazaar to the other to and fro, and treading gingerly with their great feet. O, you fairy dreams of boyhood! O, you sweet meditations of half-holidays, here you are realized for half an hour! \* \* From this scene we rushed off to make a breakfast off red mullets and grapes, melons, pomegranates, and Smyrna wine, at a dirty little comfortable inn, to which we were recommended; and from the windows of which we had a fine cheerful view of the gulf and its busy craft, and the loungers and the merchants along the shore. There were camels unloading at one wharf, and piles of melons, much bigger than the Gibraltar cannon-balls at another. It was the fig season, and we passed through several alleys encumbered with long rows of fig-dressers, children and women for the most part, who were packing the fruit diligently into drums, dipping them in salt water first, and spreading them neatly over with leaves."

There is more of the same pleasant quality; but he concludes philosophically:—

"These are very humble incidents of travel. Wherever the steamboat touches the shore adventure retreats into the interior, and what is called romance vanishes. It won't bear the vulgar gaze; or rather the light of common day puts it out, and it is only in the dark that it shines at all. There is no cursing and insulting of Giaours now. If a cockney looks or behaves in a particularly ridiculous way, the little Turks come out and laugh at him. A Londoner is no longer a spittoon for true believers: and now that dark Hassan sits in his divan and drinks champagne, and Selim has a French watch, Zuleikha perhaps takes Morrison's pills, Byronism becomes absurd instead of sublime, and is only a foolish expression of cockney wonder. They still occasionally beat a man for going into a mosque, but this is almost the only sign of ferocious vitality left in the Turk of the Mediterranean coast, and strangers may enter scores of mosques without molestation. The paddle-wheel is the great conqueror. Wherever the captain cries 'Stop her,' civilization stops, and lands in the ship's boat, and makes a permanent acquaintance with the savages on shore. Whole hosts of crusaders have passed and died, and butchered here in vain. But to manufacture European iron into pikes and helmets was a waste of metal: in the shape of piston-rods and furnace poker it is irresistible; and I think an allegory might be made showing how much stronger commerce is than chivalry, and finishing with a grand image of Mahomet's crescent being extinguished in Fulton's boiler."

Having at length reached a place which has "excited a feeling of warmth and admiration in the bosom of the stony" Titmarsh, we will leave him there for a week.

From Smyrna, the party steamed off to Constantinople. The first view of the city Michael Angelo compares to one of Stanfield's best theatrical pictures, seen in youth, when fancy roams at pleasure. The city itself, somewhat disappointed him; but the quays and the Bosphorus restored his good humor. We, however, can only spare room for a sketch of a Turkish bath:—

"The Turkish bath is certainly a novel sensation to an Englishman, and may be set down as a most queer and surprising event of his life. \* \* The spacious hall has a large fountain in the

midst. \* \* All round the room and the galleries were matted enclosures, fitted with numerous neat beds and cushions for reposing on, where lay a dozen of true believers smoking, or sleeping, or in the happy half-dozing state. I was led up to one of these beds to rather a retired corner, in consideration of my modesty; and to the next bed presently came a dancing dervish, who forthwith began to prepare for the bath. When the dancing dervish had taken off his yellow sugar-loaf cap, his gown, shawl, &c., he was arrayed in two large blue cloths; a white one being thrown over his shoulders, and another in the shape of a turban plaited neatly round his head; the garments of which he divested himself were folded up in another linen, and neatly put by. I beg leave to state I was treated in precisely the same manner as the dancing dervish. The reverend gentleman then put on a pair of wooden pattens, which elevated him about six inches from the ground; and walked down the stairs, and paddled across the moist marble floor of the hall, and in at a little door, by the which also Titmarsh entered. But I had none of the professional agility of the dancing dervish; I staggered about very ludicrously upon the high wooden pattens; and should have been down on my nose several times, had not the dragoman and the master of the bath supported me down the stairs and across the hall. Dressed in three large cotton napkins, with a white turban round my head, I thought of Pall Mall with a sort of despair. I passed the little door, it was close behind me—I was in the dark—I could n't speak the language—in a white turban—Mon Dieu! what was going to happen! The dark room was the tepidarium, a moist oozing arched den, with a light faintly streaming from an orifice in the domed ceiling. Yells of frantic laughter and song came booming and clanging through the echoing arches, the doors clapped to with loud reverberations. It was the laughter of the followers of Mahound, rollicking and taking their pleasure in the public bath. I could not go into that place; I swore I would not; they promised me a private room, and the dragoman left me. My agony at parting from that Christian cannot be described. When you get into the Sudarium, or hot room, your first sensations only occur about half a minute after entrance, when you feel that you are choking. I found myself in that state, seated on a marble slab; the bath-man was gone; he had taken away the cotton turban and shoulder shawl: I saw I was in a narrow room of marble, with a vaulted roof, and a fountain of warm and cold water; the atmosphere was in a steam, the choking sensation went off, and I felt a sort of pleasure presently in a soft boiling simmer, which, no doubt, potatoes feel when they are steaming. You are left in this state for about ten minutes; it is warm certainly, but odd and pleasant, and disposes the mind to reverie. But let any delicate mind in Baker-street fancy my horror, when, on looking up out of this reverie, I saw a great brown wretch extended before me, only half dressed, standing on pattens, and exaggerated by them and the steam until he looked like an ogre, grinning in the most horrible way, and waving his arm, on which was a horsehair glove. \* \* This grinning man belabors the patient violently with the horse-brush. When he has completed the horse-hair part, and you lie expiring under a squirting fountain of warm water, and fancying all is done, he reappears with a large brass basin, containing a quantity of lather, in the

midst of which is something like old Miss Mac Whirter's flaxen wig that she is so proud of, and that we have all laughed at. Just as you are going to remonstrate, the thing like the wig is dashed into your face and eyes, covered over with soap, and for five minutes you are drowned in lather; you can't see, the suds are frothing over your eyeballs; you can't hear, the soap is whizzing into your ears; you can't gasp for breath, Miss Mac Whirter's wig is down your throat with half a pail full of suds in an instant—you are all soap. Wicked children, in former days, have jeered you, exclaiming, 'How are you off for soap?' You little knew what saponacity was till you entered a Turkish bath. When the whole operation is concluded, you are led—with what heartfelt joy I need not say—softly back to the cooling room, having been robed in shawls and turbans as before. You are laid gently on the reposing bed; somebody brings a narghilé, which tastes as tobacco must taste in Mahomet's Paradise; a cool, sweet, dreamy, languor takes possession of the purified frame; and half an hour of such delicious laziness is spent over the pipe as is unknown in Europe, where vulgar prejudice has most shamefully maligned indolence, calls it foul names, such as the father of all evils, and the like; in fact, does not know how to educate idleness as these honest Turks do, and the fruit which, when properly cultivated, it bears. The after-bath state is the most delightful condition of laziness I ever knew, and I tried it wherever we went afterwards on our little tour."

We now proceed to Rhodes, with a motley company, made up of Poles, Russians, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Greeks, Englishmen, Christians, Jews and Heathens:—

"There was a Greek Papa, a noble figure with a flowing and venerable white beard, who had been living on bread and water for I don't know how many years, in order to save a little money to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There were several families of Jewish Rabbies, who celebrated their 'feast of tabernacles' on board; their chief men performing worship twice or thrice a day, dressed in their pontifical habits, and bound with phylacteries: and there were Turks, who had their own ceremonies and usages, and wisely kept aloof from their neighbors of Israel. The dirt of these children of captivity exceeds all possibility of description; the profusion of stinks which they raised, the grease of their venerable garments and faces, the horrible messes cooked in the filthy pots, and devoured with the nasty fingers, the squalor of mats, pots, old bedding, and foul carpets of our Hebrew friends, could hardly be painted by Swift, in his dirtiest mood, and cannot be of course attempted by my timid and genteel pen."

After a little rough weather they arrive safe:

"Ambassadors from our Hebrews descended at Rhodes to buy provisions, and it was curious to see their dealings: there was our venerable Rabbi, who, robed in white and silver, and bending over his book at the morning service, looked like a patriarch, and whom I saw chaffering about a fowl with a brother Rhodian Israelite. How they fought over the body of that lean animal! The street swarmed with Jews—goggling eyes looked out from the old carved casements—hooked noses issued from the low, antique doors—Jew boys driving donkeys—Hebrew mothers nursing children; dusky, tawdry, ragged young beauties—and most venerable grey-bearded fathers—were all

gathered round about the affair of the hen! And at the same time that our Rabbi was arranging the price of it, his children were instructed to procure bundles of green branches to decorate the ship during their feast."

Rhodes itself is sketched lightly, but with strong effects:—

"The chivalrous relics at Rhodes are very superb. I know of no buildings whose stately and picturesque aspect seems to correspond better with one's notions of their proud founders. The towers and gates are warlike and strong, but beautiful and aristocratic: you see that they must have been high-bred gentlemen who built them. The edifices appear in almost as perfect a condition as when they were in the occupation of the noble knights of St. John; and they have this advantage over modern fortifications, that they are a thousand times more picturesque. Ancient war condescended to ornament itself, and built fine carved castles and vaulted gates: whereas, to judge from Gibraltar and Malta, nothing can be less romantic than the modern military architecture; which sternly regards the fighting, without in the least heeding the war-paint. Some of the huge artillery, with which the place was defended, still lies in the bastions; and the touch-holes of the guns are preserved by being covered with rusty old corslets, worn by defenders of the fort three hundred years ago. The Turks, who battered down chivalry, seem to be waiting their turn of destruction now. In walking through Rhodes one is strangely affected by witnessing the signs of this double decay. For instance, in the streets of the knights, you see noble houses, surmounted by noble escutcheons of superb knights, who lived there, and prayed, and quarrelled, and murdered the Turks; and were the most gallant pirates of the inland seas; and made vows of chastity, and robbed, and ravished; and, professing humility, would admit none but nobility into their order; and died recommending themselves to sweet St. John, and calmly hoping for heaven in consideration of all the heathen they had slain. When this superb fraternity was obliged to yield to courage as great as theirs, faith as sincere, and to robbers even more dexterous and audacious than the noblest knight who ever sang a canticle to the Virgin, these halls were filled by magnificent pashas and agas, who lived here in the intervals of war, and, having conquered its best champions, despised Christendom and chivalry pretty much as an Englishman despises a Frenchman. Now the famous house is let to a shabby merchant, who has his little beggarly shop in the bazaar; to a small officer, who ekes out his wretched pension by swindling, and who gets his pay in bad coin. Mahometanism pays in pewter now, in place of silver and gold. The lords of the world have run to seed. The powerless old sword frightens nobody now—the steel is turned to pewter too, somehow, and will no longer shear a Christian head off any shouldered. In the Crusades my wicked sympathies have always been with the Turks. They seem to me the best Christians of the two; more humane, less brutally presumptuous about their own merits, and more generous in esteeming their neighbors. As far as I can get at the authentic story, Saladin is a pearl of refinement compared to the brutal beef-eating Richard, about whom Sir Walter Scott has led all the world astray. \* \* All the town of Rhodes has this appearance of decay and ruin, except a few consuls' houses planted on the sea

side, here and there, with bright flags flaunting in the sun; fresh paint, English crockery; shining mahogany, &c.—so many emblems of the new prosperity of *their* trade, while the old inhabitants were going to rack—the fine church of St. John, converted into a mosque, is a ruined church, with a ruined mosque inside; the fortifications are mouldering away, as much as time will let them. There was considerable bustle and stir about the little port; but it was a bustle of people, who looked for the most part to be beggars; and I saw no shop in the bazaar that seemed to have the value of a pedlar's pack. \* \* We went out upon the lines of fortification, through an ancient gate and guard-house, where once a chapel probably stood, and of which the roofs were richly carved and gilded. A ragged squad of Turkish soldiers lolled about the gate now—a couple of boys on a donkey; a grinning slave on a mule; a pair of women flapping along in yellow papooshes; a basket-maker sitting under an antique carved portal, and chanting or howling as he platted his osiers; a peaceful well of water, at which knights' chargers had drunk, and at which the double-boyed donkey was now refreshing himself—would have made a pretty picture for a sentimental artist. \* \* The astonishing brightness and clearness of the sky under which the island seemed to bask, struck me as surpassing anything I had seen—not even at Cadiz, or the Piræus, had I seen sands so yellow, or water so magnificently blue. \* \* It really seemed as if everybody was to have a sort of sober cheerfulness, and must yield to indolence under this charming atmosphere. I went into the court-yard by the sea-shore, (where a few lazy ships were lying, with no one on board,) and found it was the prison of the place. The door was as wide open as Westminster Hall. Some prisoners, one or two soldiers and functionaries, and some prisoners' wives, were lolled under an arcade by a fountain; other criminals were strolling about here and there, their chains clinking quite cheerfully; and they and the guards and officials came up chatting quite friendly together, and gazed languidly over the portfolio, as I was endeavoring to get the likeness of one or two of these comfortable male-factors. One old and wrinkled she-criminal, whom I had selected on account of the peculiar hideousness of her countenance, covered it up with a dirty cloth, at which there was a general roar of laughter among this good-humored auditory of cut-throats, pick-pockets, and policemen. The only symptom of a prison about the place was a door, across which a couple of sentinels were stretched, yawning; while within lay three freshly-caught pirates, chained by the leg. They had committed some murders of a very late date, and were awaiting sentence; but their wives were allowed to communicate freely with them: and it seemed to me, that if half a dozen friends would set them free, and they themselves had energy enough to move, the sentinels would be a great deal too lazy to walk after them."

All we can devote to Jaffa is a little sea-view vignette:—

"On the 3d of October our cable rushed with a huge rattle into the blue sea before Jaffa, at a distance of considerably more than a mile of the town, which lay before us very clear, with the flags of the consuls flaring in the bright sky, and making a cheerful and hospitable show. The houses a great heap of sun-baked stones, surmounted here and there by minarets and countless

little white-washed domes; a few date trees spread out their fan-like heads over these dull-looking buildings; long sands stretched away on either side, with low purple hills behind them; we could see specks of camels crawling over these yellow plains; and those persons who were about to land, had the leisure to behold the sea-spray flashing over the sands, and over a heap of black rocks which lie before the entry to the town."

A day and night in Syria, though it includes an adventure or two, and a visit to Jerusalem, must not detain us; and here we are, off to Alexandria:—

"I had been preparing myself overnight, by the help of a cigar and a moonlight contemplation on deck, for sensations on landing in Egypt. I was ready to yield myself up with solemnity to the mystic grandeur of the scene of initiation. Pompey's pillar must stand like a mountain, in a yellow plain, surrounded by a grove of obelisks, as tall as palm trees. Placid sphinxes, brooding o'er the Nile—mighty Memnonian countenances calm—had revealed Egypt to me in a sonnet of Tennyson's, and I was ready to gaze on it with pyramidal wonder and hieroglyphic awe. The landing quay at Alexandria is like the dock-yard quay at Portsmouth: with a few score of brown faces scattered among the population. There are slop-sellers, dealers in marine stores, bottled porter shops, seamen lolled about; flies and cabs are plying for hire; and a yelling chorus of donkey boys, shrieking, 'Ride, sir!—donkey, sir!—I say, sir!' in excellent English, dispel all romantic notions. The placid sphinxes, brooding o'er the Nile, disappeared with that shriek of the donkey boys. You might be as well impressed with Wapping, as with your first step on Egyptian soil."

We will now make a hurried run up the canal, where nothing is to be seen but "a muddy bank on each side, and a blue sky overhead," and pay our respects to old father Nile.

"Towards evening," says Mr. Titmarsh, "we arrived at the town of Atfeh—half land, half houses, half palm trees, with swarms of half-naked people crowding the rustic shady bazaars, and bartering their produce of fruit or many-colored grain. Here the canal came to a check, ending abruptly with a large lock. Some little fleet of masts and country ships were beyond the lock, and it led into THE NILE. After all, it is something to have seen these red waters. It is only low green banks, mud huts, and palm-clumps, with the sun setting red behind them, and the great, dull, sinuous river, flashing here and there in the light. But it is the Nile, the old Saturn of a stream—a divinity yet, though younger river-gods have deposed him. Hail! O venerable father of crocodiles! We were all lost in sentiments of the profoundest awe and respect; which we proved, by tumbling down into the cabin of the Nile steamer that was waiting to receive us, and fighting and cheating for sleeping berths."

The next day they were in sight of the Pyramids, in thirty hours at Boulak, and then there was a donkey race into Cairo. But we shall conclude with a visit to the Pyramids:—

"The bunches of purpling dates were pending from the branches; grey cranes or herons were flying over the cool, shining lakes, that the river's overflow had left behind; water was gurgling through the courses by the rude locks and barriers formed there, and overflowing this patch of



ground; whilst the neighboring field was fast budding into the more brilliant fresh green. Single dromedaries were stepping along, their riders lolling on their hunches; low sail boats were lying in the canals: now, we crossed an old marble bridge; now, we went, one by one, over a ridge of slippery earth; now, we floundered through a small lake of mud. At last, at about half-a-mile off the pyramid, we came to a piece of water some two score yards broad, where a regiment of half-naked Arabs, seizing upon each individual of the party, bore us off on their shoulders, to the laughter of all, and the great perplexity of several, who every moment expected to be pitched into one of the many holes with which the treacherous lake abounded. It was nothing but joking and laughter, bullying of guides, shouting for interpreters, quarrelling about sixpences. We were acting a farce, with the pyramids for the scene. There they rose up enormous under our eyes, and the most absurd, trivial things were going on under their shadow. The sublime had disappeared, vast as they were. Do you remember how Gulliver lost his awe of the tremendous Brobdiagnag ladies? Every traveller must go through all sorts of chaffering, and bargaining, and paltry experiences at this spot. You look up the tremendous steps, with a score of savage ruffians bellowing round you; you hear faint cheers and cries high up, and catch sight of little reptiles crawling upwards; or, having achieved the summit, they came hopping and bouncing down again from degree to degree—the cheers and cries swell louder and more disagreeable; presently the little jumping thing, no bigger than an insect a moment ago, bounces down upon you expanded into a panting major of Bengal cavalry. He drives off the Arabs with an oath—wipes his red shining face with his yellow handkerchief, drops puffing on the sand in a shady corner, where cold fowl and hard eggs are awaiting him, and the next minute you see his nose plunged in a foaming beaker of brandy and soda-water. He can say now and forever, he has been up the pyramid. There is nothing sublime in it. You cast your eye once more up that staggering perspective of a zig-zag line, which ends at the summit, and wish you were up there, and down again. Forwards!—Up with you! It must be done. Six Arabs are behind you, who won't let you escape, if you would. \* \* The ascent is not the least romantic, or difficult, or sublime: you walk up a great broken staircase, of which some of the steps are four feet high. It's not hard, only a little high. You see no better view from the top than you behold from the bottom; only a little more river, and sand, and rice field."

All this is amusing enough, and we doubt not that the worthy Michael has honestly recorded his own feeling; but after all, though he may pride himself on being honest and "impartial," is he not a little "stony-hearted!"

#### WE SHALL BE HAPPY YET.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

FEAR not, beloved, though clouds may lower,  
Whilst rainbow visions melt away,  
Faith's holy star has still a power  
That may the deepest midnight sway.  
Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,  
Our love can neither wane nor set;

My heart grows strong in trust—mine own,  
We shall be happy yet!

What though long anxious years have passed,  
Since this true heart was vowed to thine,  
There comes, for us, a light at last,  
Whose beam upon our path shall shine.  
We who have loved 'midst doubts and fears,  
Yet never with one hour's regret,  
There comes a joy to gild our tears—  
We shall be happy yet!

Ay, by the wandering birds, that find  
A home beyond the mountain wave,  
Though many a wave and storm combined  
To bow them to an ocean grave—  
By summer suns that brightly rise,  
Though erst in mournful tears they set,  
By all love's hopeful prophecies,  
We shall be happy yet!

N. Y. Tribune.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

#### NOT A POET.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

I AM a little maiden,  
Who fain would touch the lyre;  
But my poor fingers ever  
Bring discord from the wire.  
'T is strange I'm not a poet;  
There's music in my heart;  
Some mystery must linger  
About this angel art.

I'm told that joyous spirits,  
Untouched by grief or care,  
In mystery so holy  
Are all too light to share.  
My heart is very gladsome;  
But there's a corner deep,  
Where many a shadow nestles,  
And future sorrows sleep.

I hope they'll not awaken,  
As yet for many a year;  
There's not on earth a jewel,  
That's worth one grief-born tear.  
Long may the heart be silent,  
If sorrow's touch alone,  
Upon the chords descending,  
Has power to wake its tone.

I'd never be a poet,  
My bounding heart to hush,  
And lay down at the altar,  
For sorrow's foot to crush.  
Ah, no! I'll gather sunshine,  
For coming evening's hours;  
And while the spring-time lingers,  
I'll garner up its flowers.

I fain would learn the music  
Of those who dwell in heaven;  
For woe-tuned harp was never  
To seraph fingers given.  
But I will strive no longer  
To waste my heart-felt mirth;  
I will mind me that the gifted  
Are the stricken ones of earth.

## THE FRENCH AND MADAGASCAR.

WHILE the French are struggling to maintain military occupation of Algeria, they are, although the minister would deny it, seriously meditating the conquest—ay, and the colonization too, of Madagascar. Unquestionably this, if it be one, is the maddest move of all, as the reader must see at a glance, from the following description of this new object of French ambition.

Madagascar is about eight thousand miles distant from France, or about twenty times as far off as Algeria. Its extent is somewhat greater than that of the kingdom of France itself. Its climate is not a temperate but a tropical one, and as it happens, it is one of the very worst of the latter. This great island runs from the twelfth to the twenty-fifth degree of south latitude, so that every foot of it lies within the direct sweep of hurricanes and typhoons. The whole coast of Madagascar is low, hot, damp, and insalubrious. It is peculiarly prejudicial to the European constitution. No nation has had so much experience of the insalubrity of the climate as the very people who are now intent on the conquest and settlement of the island, for it is this very insalubrity that has repeatedly, in a period of two hundred years, baffled all their attempts at establishing themselves, even on a few isolated spots.

Then, as to the people that are to be conquered, they amount to about five millions in number. About a million of these are a superior race, who consider the majority as mere Helots, selling them for exportation as they do their oxen. This superior race are the Hovas, who exercise dominion over the whole island, and the same men who a few months ago, at a mere outpost, defeated a joint expedition of the French and English, with considerable slaughter. The people of Madagascar have made some progress in the useful arts. They work the metals, and they have tamed the ordinary domestic animals for food and labor. Cattle abound with them, and they raise rice, not only sufficient for their own consumption, but even a little for exportation. Moreover, they grow cotton, and manufacture it for clothing. Still they are truly barbarians, for they have neither had the ingenuity to invent letters themselves, nor the sense to adopt the A B C of other people. Their religion, in point of decency and morality, is on a par with witchcraft, to which in all respects, indeed, it bears a close resemblance.

The kind of civilization, however, which the Madagashas have attained, and this is remarkable among so rude a people, is efficient for producing cohesion and union, as is evinced by the existence of one government and one language over the whole island. The certain effect of this will be—power to resist an invader. We know that the inclination to do so exists. Three times over they have expelled the Christian missionaries for introducing what they deemed innovations dangerous to their national independence. In the sixteenth century they drove out the Portuguese on this account; in the seventeenth the French Jesuits with a massacre. The English Protestant missionaries have not been more successful, for after eight years of apparent prosperity, they were finally expelled so late as 1825, and on the very same grounds as their predecessors.

It is difficult to conceive any country of such extent, and even fertility, as Madagascar with so small a capacity for foreign commerce. Its coast

is very little indented, and consequently contains few harbors in a latitude where shelter is much needed. It lies out of the highway between Europe and India. The continent of Africa is its nearest neighborhood, but it is more barbarous and poor than itself. Five-and-thirty degrees of latitude and the calms of the equator lie between it and the nearest point of Arabia. The nearest portion of Hindustan is five thousand miles off. In short, the best markets for the produce of Madagascar are the two specks in the ocean called Bourbon and Mauritius.

As to the colonization of Madagascar, in any intelligible sense of the word, that, of course, is impossible, for the one plain and obvious reason, besides many other, that Madagascar is already settled by a people suited to the soil and climate, and whose progress in agriculture is such as enables them to raise cheap and abundant food for 5,000,000. As a remunerable conquest the matter is equally bad, for so rude a people have necessarily little to give, and no disposition to contribute that little. In a word, they are poor—indocile—pugnacious. These are not a people to pay taxes to a conqueror like Hindus or Italians.

But suppose the French determined on the conquest of Madagascar. To make even a beginning, we cannot suppose the attempt will be hazarded with an army of less than 30,000 men. This was the amount of Napoleon's veterans, that in 1802 attempted the re-conquest of St. Domingo, and was defeated and nearly destroyed—all civilized Europe looking on, and England rather favoring than opposing the expedition. Now, the French knew every part of St. Domingo, and hardly know one foot of Madagascar, which is seven times the size of St. Domingo, with ten times its population—that population consisting of negroes in the one case as well as in the other. The expedition now fitting out in the French ports, although on a large and expensive scale, is wholly inadequate.

An expedition of 30,000 men, or such a one as would have a feasible appearance for the object, would form an army of three times the amount of any that has ever been afloat in the Indian ocean. It will take three months to reach the shores of Madagascar, and require at least 300 sail of men-of-war, store ships, and transports to convey it.

The first object of a judicious enterprise will be to make for the interior, so as at once to avoid the pestiferous marshes of the coast and strike a blow at the capital and power of the Hovas. That capital is in the centre of the broadest part of the island, and consequently at least 200 miles from the coast, implying, in a country without roads, where the thermometer is seldom under eighty degrees, and where some resistance must be expected, at least twenty marches, and the establishment of at least twenty posts to maintain the communication with the fleet. If, instead of this, the army remains on the coast, the malaria and the Hovas will do its business—decimate it in a month, and cut off nine parts out of ten within a twelve-month.

Such is the scheme that French journalists are busying themselves in recommending to their countrymen. Next in folly to this is the bickering of our press respecting the right of France to make the attempt. The bare questioning of her right, on our part, is, in her present humor, quite sufficient to make her persevere. The only real harm that France can do to us by such enterprises as the conquest of Algeria and Madagascar, is the holding up, on the part of a great and civilized

nation, of an example of mad and aimless ambition.

Letters from Brest state that the preparations for the naval expedition to Madagascar, which were suspended at the time Sir Robert Peel resigned office, and when it was supposed that Lord John Russell would have succeeded in forming a ministry, are now going on with great activity. The troops which are to form a portion of the expedition, consisting of artillery, engineers, and marines, are ordered to assemble at the port of Brest, on the 20th of January, where they will be embarked for their destination, on board the Jupiter line-of-battle ship, and the *Armide* and *La Reine Blanche* frigates. The land forces will be under the command of Colonel Fieron and Lieut.-Colonel Goutrot. Further preparations for the same expedition are going on at Toulon. The Neptune ship-of-war is nearly ready for sea, and will in a few days take on board two battalions of the 3d regiment of marines under the command of Colonel Barolet. It is thought that General Duvier, the commander-in-chief of the expedition, accompanied by his staff, will take his passage by the Neptune. The expedition is to sail from Brest and Toulon about the 15th of February.—*Examiner*.

ITALIAN BYE-WAY INNS.—One advantage or disadvantage of these inns, where an English family rarely or never stopped before, is that we became objects of curiosity to the people of the house. We have had three generations about us this evening; which has spared you a much longer letter. First, all ages poured forth, and volunteered to empty the carriage, a trouble we never take except they desire it, saying, the coach-house has no lock. They then begged permission to examine our various travelling conveniences, particularly my chaise longue, which makes a soft bed in an emergency, and yet folds up so small that it goes into an oil-cloth cover, and hangs by a strap on the dashboard. Volleys of questions followed; the first is always if my niece is my daughter, and how many I have besides! then, where we came from! complimenting us on speaking Italian "*propria come Italiani, anche meglio*;" and, all these subjects exhausted, the old ones begin to tell their own histories and woes, generally of some sick member of the family, as in this case, for whom I prescribe, which immediately establishes a sympathy between us. This would be tiresome to the generality of travellers; but the simple annals of the poor are always interesting to those who, like us, go loitering along, and love to observe the character of the people; and we encourage rather than repel their familiarity. The Italians are so sensitive a people, that a word or look is enough to put the intruders to flight; but the opportunity of being useful to their sick, and of comforting their sorrows by directing them to the source of all consolation, repays fully the loss of time. I have never had reason to repent; and local information is likewise to be obtained by this kind of harmless gossiping.

One precaution is, however, needful, that you may part on equally good terms; your agreement should be made beforehand; particularly in little inns, where they do not know what to charge. The plan we pursue is to establish fair bills for the first day or two, and carry them with us: on showing these, we have rarely any difficulty: but I always go and reconnoitre the apartment, and select the beds first, ordering the horses not to be taken

off till our agreement is made. Having accumulated a number of reasonable bills during our various journeys, I always carry them in a portfolio in the pocket of the carriage; and I believe we pay little more for ourselves than the "*vetturini*," and for our horses always "*l'ordinario*," which is their tariff.—*Mrs. Stisted's Letters*.

From the United States Gazette.

#### ON A VERY OLD WEDDING RING.

BY G. W. DOANE.

*The Device*.—Two hearts united.

*The Motto*.—"Dear love of mine, my heart is thine."

I LIKE that ring—that ancient ring,  
Of massive form and virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it—for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.

But most I like it, as it tells  
The tale of well requited love;  
How youthful fondness persevered,  
And youthful faith disdained to rove,  
How warmly HE his suit preferred,  
Though SHE, unpitied, long denied,  
Till, softened, and subdued, at last,  
He won his "fair and blooming bride."

How, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-footed hours—  
How, then, the white-robed maiden train  
Strewed their glad way with freshest flowers;  
And how before the holy man,  
They stood in all their youthful pride,  
And spoke those words, and vowed those vows,  
Which bind the husband to his bride.

All this it tells; the plighted troth—  
The gift of every earthly thing—  
The hand in hand—the heart in heart—  
For this I like that ancient ring  
I like its old and quaint device;  
"Two blended hearts," though time may wear  
them,  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
"Till death," shall e'er in sunder tear them.

Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,  
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
These two the world's rough pathway trod.  
Age might impair their youthful fires,  
Their strength might fail 'mid life's bleak weather,  
Still hand in hand they travelled on—  
Kind souls! they slumber now together.

I like its simple poesy too;  
"Mine own dear love, this heart is thine!"  
Thine, when the dark storm howls alone,  
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine,  
"This heart is thine, mine own dear love!"  
Thine, and thine only, and forever;  
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,  
Thine, till the cords of life shall sever.

Remnant of days departed long,  
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
Of heartfelt, holy love the token;  
What varied feelings round it cling,  
For these I like that ancient ring.



From the Metropolitan.

## HELMSLEY HALL.

The machinery for dreaming, planted in the human brain, was not planted for nothing. That faculty, in alliance with the mystery of darkness, is the one great tube through which man communicates with the shadowy.—*De Quincy.*

It is now nearly twenty years ago, that during one of the last *really* warm summers with which this island has been favored, I spent several months in an ancient cathedral city in the west of England, with the family of a clerical friend who had very recently entered upon a prebendal stall there. I had never before resided near a cathedral, and there was something inexpressibly captivating to my imagination in its services, and in the whole character of the place. Its venerable antiquity, so carefully guarded from ruin or decay, yet all belonging to a former age, and having so little in common with the present; its stillness, its seclusion, so far removed from the din and tumult of the work-a-day world, with the perpetual atmosphere of melody, the morning and evening incense of prayer and praise overshadowing and sanctifying all the ongoings of life within its precincts; all these things, which to a mind endowed with any degree of poetical feeling can never lose their solemn and affecting charm, had for me the added attraction of novelty; and I felt as if suddenly transported into another state of existence, and one belonging to a time when the world was younger and more in earnest than it is in the present age.

To the living adjuncts of this time-hallowed place, the dignified clergy who, with their families, composed its principal society, the same charm of novelty for awhile attached itself; and I found something consonant to the character of the scene in the polished ceremoniousness and grave formality of a society which, like those of all cathedral towns, piqued itself—and with justice—on its superior style and unimpeachable respectability. But after a time, as I became more initiated into its secrets, I discovered in it as great a lack of the elements of poetry, as there was a superabundance of these in the place itself; detected the dulness and inanity of provincial life as distinguished from rural; the bondage of a limited circle, where everybody's motions are matter of universal notoriety, and where freedom of action, and even of thought, are, in consequence, nearly unattainable; and felt even my first emotions within the precincts of the minster becoming less and less vivid beneath the weight of "*le manteau de plomb*," to which Madame de Stael so feelingly compares mediocrity like that by which I was surrounded.

From this state of feeling—a most repugnant one to a mind full of lively imagination—I was aroused by the acquisition of a most agreeable companion in the daughter of a country gentleman whose seat was about ten miles from the town, and who came to pass a few weeks in the house of a family very intimate with the friends with whom I was a guest. Similarity of tastes and pursuits soon created an intimacy between us, and my new friend being an indefatigable pedestrian, I speedily acquired an extended knowledge of the beautiful neighborhood of the town under her guidance, and learned much that was interesting in local history from her accurate knowledge of her native country. One day we departed together on a walk of two miles or thereabouts, to visit an old hall,

the grounds of which were said to be very beautiful, and which at present stood untenanted; the proprietor, who had succeeded to it as heir of entail, having a residence of his own in another county, and only visiting it occasionally. The day we had chosen was one peculiarly well adapted for displaying to advantage the beauties of the rich woodland scenery through which our road lay. It was one of those summer days that alternate between bright and dark; when large, heavy masses of white-edged clouds at times swallow up the sunlight, causing the blue depths between to look deeper and yet more intensely blue, and then again the glorious radiance bursts forth, the brighter from its temporary obscuration, casting the most beautiful variety of light and shadow over the masses of foliage, the green lawns, the meadows greener still with their second crop of clover, and the ripening fields of corn. Our road lay through deep shady lanes, and paths skirting the edges of extensive woods; till crossing by a rustic bridge over a little quiet brook, not flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, and hurrying with its rippling music over tiny rocks and pebbles, like the "*bickering burnies*" of my native land, but stealing gently along as is the wont of streams in a level country, between banks fringed with willows and fragrant meadow sweet, we reached a small gate in the park-paling, which admitted us to the grounds of Helmsley Hall.

The gate was unlocked; for, as my companion informed me, it never had been the custom of the former family to exclude any respectable visitors from their grounds. "They were good, kind, old-English hearts the Stanleys, one and all," said she, "pleasant neighbors to the rich, and unfailing friends to the poor; and I fancy they thought the safety of their property better secured in the good-will of all who knew them, than by locks and bolts, or man-traps and spring-guns. And so it proved, for one never heard of any unfair advantage being taken of their open gates and the free ingress to their grounds. And now the gates are left open because it has always been the custom, and there is nobody sufficiently interested in the place to care to shut them."

These words excited my curiosity to inquire into the history of "the former family," a phrase which always conveys a melancholy impression, particularly when coupled with a fine old place like that which we were now approaching, and my companion promised to satisfy me presently, but in the mean time called my attention to the beauty of the paths we were traversing. "It would be a pity," she said, "to withdraw your attention from them to listen to a very mournful though not very eventful story, which I can tell you as well at another time."

They were indeed beautiful woodland paths; not gravelled walks, but merely foot-ways broad enough for two to walk abreast, cut in the mossy turf; and once trimly kept, but now encroached upon by the vegetation, as though it were long since any one had cleaned or weeded them. And beautiful, most beautiful, were the old umbrageous trees amongst which they wound; scattered singly or in groups, over the green grass of what my friend told me had once been a deer-park, but was now grazed by sheep alone. The way we were going led us through a deep shrubby dingle, at the bottom of which ran the brook already mentioned, which we crossed by a second bridge, and, ascending the opposite side, passed by another

gate into the lawn more immediately in front of the house, and found ourselves in the approach which led to it from the principal lodge, a long way round compared to the short cut by which we had come from the town.

The hall was one of those old Elizabethan mansions of which one finds so many amongst the country residences of England; not in itself remarkable for anything save its look of time-honored respectability, and of having been preserved inviolate from modern innovations.

All was in keeping, all in accordance with the age of the building, which stood upon a gentle slope, sheltered by a grove of magnificent trees, looking coeval with itself. Along one side of the house ran a terrace-walk, edged by an ancient carved balustrade of stone, nearly covered by climbing plants, amongst which the yellow and white jasmine were in most profusion, and, clothed with their pale and golden little stars, were loading the very air with sweetness. From the middle of this terrace a flight of stone steps descended to another, and that again to a third and fourth; all the lower terraces bordered, instead of a stone balustrade, by a hedge of yew, so thick and close as to look like a green wall, and allowed at regular intervals to grow to a considerable height, for the purpose of being cut into the monstrosities so dear to the gardeners of our forefathers—St. George with the dragon, griffins, and above all, the Stanley crest, the eagle and child—at least what purported to represent that device—but all sadly neglected and grown out of shape. These warm sunny terrace-walks were each bordered on the opposite side to the hedge with flowers, on whose culture it was evident that no small pains had once been bestowed, and still, uncared-for as they seemed, their desolate luxuriance overspread the bounds that had once confined them, and in various nooks stood old stone benches, and several rustic seats of more modern date, but dropping to pieces from exposure to the weather.

There was a peculiar degree of solemn stillness and silence diffused over this deserted pleasure, trodden by the feet of so many generations, unchanged amid all their changes, and now smiling in its unheeded beauty and repose beside the empty house whence these generations had passed away, and beneath the eternal skies that watch the mutations of this lower world.

A word or audible sound seemed out of place in this atmosphere of memory; and my friend and I proceeded without speaking from one terrace to another, till, at the foot of the slope, we found ourselves on the edge of a small circular fish-pond, surrounded by banks of turf once shaven as smooth as velvet, in the middle of which a stone dolphin, with tail erect, had in former days discharged a fountain from its open jaws. Immediately opposite to where we stood a turfen walk, straight as a dart, and bordered by gigantic yew hedges, was terminated by the lofty iron gates of the garden. Amid its "pleached bowers and alleys green" we rambled along, contrasting its beautiful diversity with the prim formality of a modern garden; then quitting it we pursued a winding walk, overhung by the depending branches of fine old lime trees, "musical with bees," which skirted the banks of an artificial lake, at whose upper extremity stood an old-fashioned summer-house.

"Now," said my friend, as we entered it, "if you will rest here awhile I, who am a better pedestrian, and not in the least fatigued, will return to

the house by a shorter way than the one we have come, and inquire if we can be admitted to see it. It is not a show house, and I know there are no orders to exhibit it to visitors; but an exception may perhaps be made in our favor, and there is a beautiful picture, a family group, that I want to show you before telling you the history of those who compose it. If I find that we cannot be allowed admission, why then we must return whence we came, and I know that we can get out of the grounds in this direction without being forced to retrace our steps."

My remonstrances on the additional trouble this arrangement would cause her being overruled, she accordingly left me to rest in the summer-house, which, to own the truth, I was not loth to do. I seated myself by one of its windows, looking directly down a steep bank into a sort of nook, which appeared to me one of the sweetest spots I had yet seen in this place so full of sweetness and beauty. It was a small grassy semicircle, open in front to the lake, and everywhere else surrounded by trees and flowering shrubs; near its centre grew a very fine acacia, beneath which stood a rustic sofa, formed of fantastically-twisted branches, and less completely fallen to decay than the other seats which I had seen. Whilst I was gazing down upon it, in the listless dreaming mood induced by fatigue, the heat of the day, and the perfect stillness of the scene around me, I suddenly heard the sound of voices not far off—sounds not out of keeping with the scene, for they were low, sweet, and inexpressibly mournful; and glancing through the open door of the summer-house, I beheld the figures of two ladies in deep mourning slowly advancing, arm-in-arm, up the lime-tree walk; and, as they came nearer, I recognized them as persons whose appearance had greatly interested me in the minster, where they seemed unfailing attendants at morning service, which I rarely missed, and at which they sat very near the place I occupied. I had more than once attempted to find out who they were, but the friends with whom I resided, themselves new comers, could tell me nothing of them. They were, so I imagined, sisters, both young, and she who seemed the younger was attired in widow's weeds; both were possessed of a considerable degree of beauty, and in the demeanor of both there was added to much natural refinement, something of that elevation of aspect, that peculiar sanctity, which invests those upon whom the Almighty has laid his chastening hand, and to whom he has halloed the chastisement. There was a mournful contrast between the youthfulness of outline and the unfurrowed clearness of complexion in the faces of both, and their pale, calm immobility, the hollowness of the eyes, which told of floods of tears, and that peculiar expression about the mouth, which to the physiognomist always unfolds a tale of much bygone suffering. But whatever had been the peculiar trials of these two sisters, they were evidently no longer in their first intensity. Theirs was not the aspect of present but of past suffering—the calm, the stillness, that follow the wasting storm—the serenity of those for whom life offers little more to hope or fear—not apathy, nor indifference, but resignation.

Although I never had met them in society, nor when I happened to be with any one who could gratify my curiosity with respect to their names and history, we had had one or two chance encounters in walking on the ancient rampart of the town, and more frequently in the venerable cloisters which

on three sides surround a small grass court connecting the cathedral with the bishop's palace. Here I used to fancy something appropriate to the monastic character of the scene in their mourning garments and noiseless tread, in their black veils, thrown back, and disclosing their pale, sweet faces, and in the low tones of their conversation as they passed slowly by, or lingered to catch the long rays of the sun slanting through the dark browed arches and across the court or the long vista of the aisles, sometimes given to view by the opening of a door. And with every encounter I became more anxious to know more of them.

Now marvelling at the odd coincidence which had led those who so deeply interested me to choose the same day with myself for visiting the hall, I watched their gradual approach till the slope of the bank concealed them from my view. In a minute after their voices sounded from the nook below the summer-houses, and turning to the window, I saw them approach as if to seat themselves beneath the acacia tree. Unwilling to play the part of eaves-dropper, I rose to quit the summer-house, but my steps were arrested for a few moments by the touching voice of the young widow. I hoped I was not doing very wrong in lingering, for I felt as if I could not tear myself away.

"Yes, Jane," she said to her sister; "yes, let us sit here to-day. I never had courage before, but this is so like *that* day, Jane! I feel as if I must come here, and sit upon this seat again."

"Marion, dearest," the elder began, in a tone of remonstrance.

"No, no, Jane; we need not try to cheat each other out of memory; we need not deprive ourselves of the solace of weeping together. There is no one at home, Jane, to be grieved by the sight of our pale cheeks and swollen eyes."

"No one! no one!" was uttered by Jane in a voice of such desolation, such hopeless sorrow, as wrung the very heart to hear. "No one to care for us, Marion; no one to grieve over our grief, or be comforted by our cheerfulness now. It is very true we need not wear a mask to each other."

"And could we wear it *here*, Jane, where every step recalls what we have lost? And in this place, and to-day! Just such a day as this it was; and here we sat—and, oh! how many, many a happy hour after that day! It was the last spot we visited before we went away; and we each pulled a little branch from the acacia to keep as a memorial. I have them both. How often did we look at them, till the picture of this sweet spot seemed to rise up before us! and how often did he pray that we both might live to sit here again! and I believe *he did*, Jane; I do believe God granted that prayer—I would not think otherwise. And now I have come to sit here! O Arthur, Arthur!"

And at these words she cast herself, with the abandonment of a despairing child, upon the neck of her sister, and both "lifted up their voices and wept."

My own eyes were overflowing, and I felt that I was unwarrantably intruding upon a scene of affliction too sacred for any eye but that of Heaven. I hastened from the summer-house, and met my friend not far from it. She uttered an exclamation at sight of the tears which I could not control; and I explained, in a few words, their cause.

"Ah!" she ejaculated, "the poor young widow, Mrs. Arthur Stanley. The housekeeper told me that she and poor Jane Stanley had been here all the morning, and in the house for a long while; I am so glad they did not meet us."

"They are sisters, are they not?" I asked.

"Sisters-in-law, and almost more than sisters in affection. I shall tell you their story as we go home. Now, come, for I have obtained permission to show you the picture I mentioned."

I entered the house with a new interest, finding it thus connected with these sweet mourners, over whose probable history I had so often pondered. It was one which must have been a paradise of domestic comfort in the days of its inhabitation, though now, with its furniture displaced, piled up in heaps, and covered over for the sake of preservation, its echoing stairs and passages, and its empty apartments; it wore that aspect of desolation which always broods over the deserted dwellings of man, and which in the present instance was more painfully felt from the knowledge that this desolation had been produced by a series of domestic calamities.

The picture I had come to see was a very good one, and represented the late Mr. Stanley, his wife, and four children, two boys and two girls. Grouping, design, and coloring, combined to render it a beautiful painting, but an interest altogether independent of these seemed to invest this memento of "the former family"—all that now remained to recall the traces of them in the halls of their forefathers.

"Lack-a-day!" exclaimed the respectable elderly woman intrusted with the charge of the house; "little did my good master think, the day that picture was hung up here, how soon it would be all that was left of him and his! Poor dear Mrs. Arthur, ma'am, and Miss Stanley, 't would have moved a heart of stone to see them stand crying before it this morning. Thinks I to myself, many folks would have given it them, for sure there's nobody here to care for it. But 'tis what they calls a *hare-loom*, it seems, and that's a word that always comes in the way, like, when anything kind's to be done."

In the course of our homeward walk my friend, as she had promised, gave me an account of the latter days of the Stanley family, which I shall now proceed to relate in more connected terms. It was one of those tales of blight and decay of which one sometimes hears, in which man is irresistibly impelled to the conviction that the hand of God, and that hand alone, is dealing with him for its own mysterious purpose. Speaking as unsanctified humanity might be supposed to do, no reason could be discerned why this family should be thus afflicted, thus gradually extinguished from the face of the earth. They were, as my friend had said, good, kind, old-English hearts; an excellent race of men and women for generations, and the last owner of Helmsley Hall preëminently so in every relation of life. Yet these were taken, and others infinitely less deserving left; for God seeth not as man seeth, and it is not in general on this side of time that the just meet with their reward.

The late Mr. Stanley was, as the picture represented him, the father of two sons and two daughters, who all lived to grow up in vigorous youth around him. Of the daughters, Jane, the last survivor, was the elder by five years; the second brother, Arthur, coming between her and Lucy, a lovely, bright-eyed, joyous girl, the darling of the whole family. A young orphan relative, Marion Neville, exactly Lucy's age, had lived with them as a daughter of the house from the period of attaining her fourteenth year, and by people unacquainted with the family history was always taken for a third daughter, so perfect was



the union amongst them, and so impartial the kindness shown her. A happier circle, or one more amiable, it was impossible to see, until its first trial occurred in the death of Mrs. Stanley, about eight years previous to the time at which I heard the story. This blow, a dreadful one to all, sank most deeply on the heart of her surviving partner; and from that period Mr. Stanley felt his hold upon this world loosened, and but for his children's sakes would little have cared how soon the decree had gone forth which should send him to follow her. But the affectionate group around him, and their devoted care of his comforts, bound him to earth, and in them all his hopes and wishes centred. Of his two sons, Arthur was perhaps in secret his father's favorite. Frederic, the elder, was a fine, warm-hearted young man, and fondly attached to his family; but there was a degree of wilfulness and recklessness in his character calculated to alarm an anxious parent, not only on his own account, but for the sake of his sisters' happiness, should they henceforth be left to his guardianship. Arthur, on the contrary, to the energy and firmness without which the best qualities in a man are comparatively valueless, united a degree of tenderness and consideration for others, almost feminine in their total unselfishness; and in him his father reposed the most unbounded confidence. Their turn of mind, their tastes and pursuits, assimilated greatly, and a friendship more perfect between a father and a son could rarely be seen. He must, in truth, have been a gallant and noble being, as my friend described him, and of an outward mien harmonizing with his open, generous, kindly nature. I pictured him to myself, as she dwelt upon his bright blue eye and beaming smile, his tall, graceful, athletic figure, and the frank, winning, irresistible cordiality of his address, till I could have fancied I beheld him at Marion's side—Marion as she must then have been—beneath the acacia tree where he first had told the love that had grown up between them since boy and girlhood, and thought what love it must have been, and what must now be the bitterness of her lonely sorrow.

True love indeed it was—earnest, devoted love; and yet its course ran smooth; its *brief* course, for never let human heart reckon upon the long continuance of such. As surely as the shadow follows on the sunbeam, so surely must the cup of mortal happiness be dashed with bitterness; and those amongst us whose rare lot it has been to taste the draught only fit for heaven—the unmingled draught of love and joy—have never been permitted to do more than taste it. The generous father offered no opposition to Arthur's choice, though Marion was portionless. He had, he said, long loved her as his child, and he knew his dear boy deserved her, and would make her happy. But he exacted a promise of delay until Arthur, who had embraced the military profession, for which he had shown a decided bent since boyhood, should have obtained his captain's commission, arrangements for the purchase of which had been made. A promise this not hard to give, nor hard to keep, living as Marion did in the bosom of such affection, cheered by such letters, and seeing Arthur whenever he could obtain leave of absence, even for a few days—if possible even more devoted to her for their separation. So time glided on, and Marion was nineteen, and Arthur nearly twenty-three, when his commission was gazetted,

and his regiment unexpectedly ordered to Bombay!

This was a cruel blow to all parties—to the father and sisters unutterably so. Even Marion, who would have followed Arthur to the world's end, felt as if her heart were rent in twain when she thought of leaving the beloved inhabitants of Helmsley, and leaving them so desolate. She had Arthur, but they would lose both. The young soldier himself, deeply as he felt the prospect of this long separation, still, full of the buoyant impulses of young life, and hope, and love, cheered them all, even in their own despite, by his undoubting anticipations for the future, and his perpetual dwelling on the time when they should meet again.

All from this time forth was hurry and bewilderment; Arthur and Marion were married in the old parish church of Helmsley; where long generations of Stanleys had been wedded and buried before them. A few days' wandering together among the Welsh mountains—days in whose brief space the bliss of years seemed concentrated—a few weeks of troubled, feverish, grief-blended joy under their father's roof—and then all was over. The loving father and son, the brother and sisters who had never known an hour's anger or estrangement, parted to meet no more in this world; and Marion tore herself from the arms of those she loved so dearly to follow him who was now to be all the world to her.

From this time forth heavy clouds began to settle down upon Helmsley Hall. The sunshine that departed with Arthur and Marion never returned again. Even Lucy's joyous spirit drooped "like some lone bird without a mate" from the hour that severed her from Marion—her twin-sister, as she had been used fondly to call her. Jane Stanley had been, since very early womanhood, a subdued and pensive girl. Some story there was, of which no one knew any distinct particulars, of a blight of that nature which at once, and for life, breaks the spirits of a woman—a tale of young, warm, trusting affection, basely trifled with, and flung back upon the heart which had written—

" \* \* \* With its fiery rain  
Wild words on dust."

A common tale it is, but whatever had been its peculiar features in her case, its effects had been to sadden, not sour, her gentle nature; and a deeper shade of melancholy was all that could now be discerned of alteration in her demeanor. But upon Lucy the change was painful to see; and, alas! deeper and heavier sorrows soon followed in the train of the present. Frederic Stanley had of late caused much distress to his father. He had been much from home; had travelled long upon the continent; and at Florence had been led into an unfortunate intimacy with some men of rank and fortune belonging to what is called the *sporting* circles—that class of tourists who gain an unenviable notoriety abroad for themselves and their country. This intimacy, and the tastes resulting from it, continued after his return home; and about a year from the time of Arthur's departure Mr. Stanley found himself compelled—to save his son from dishonor—to pay racing debts for him to a very large amount. Not only was this in itself an acute pang to a man of Mr. Stanley's high-toned principles, but a serious trouble in another

point of view. His large property being strictly entailed, it was not in his power to burden it with an adequate provision for his younger children. Their mother's fortune, fifteen thousand pounds, was settled in equal shares upon them; but, anxious to augment it, he had for years laid by an annual sum to accumulate for their behoof. Most unfortunately this was not done on the now universal plan of effecting an insurance on his own life—which in those days was not so well understood as at present—and the payment of Frederic's debts reduced it to a mere trifle. That generous though imprudent young man, stung to the heart by remorse for the consequences of his misconduct to his sisters and brother, and the degree to which he perceived the subject prey upon his father's mind, formed many resolutions of amendment and of future compensation to them, came down to Helmsley and there remained quietly for several months, to the manifest improvement of the cheerfulness and comfort of the household. Mr. Stanley now began to entertain sanguine hopes of his son's future steadiness, and to look with less despondency on the prospects of his daughters. But the hand of the destroying angel was stretched forth against his house.

Frederic Stanley was a rash and dauntless equestrian, and to divert his leisure in the country had undertaken the task of breaking a high-spirited young horse. With his characteristic wilfulness and contempt of danger, he persisted, in spite of the remonstrances of the old groom—the experienced head of the stable department—in taking this animal out of the park and along the high road long before that functionary considered it safe to do so. The impunity of several days' trial augmented his daring into utter recklessness; and one morning, having had the horse as usual brought to the door, he galloped off in the wildest spirits, with many laughing injunctions to the old man to come in a short while and look for his body at the foot of Barnham Rise, a steep and dangerous height, down the face of which the road to — wound in those days.

Jane and Lucy were standing on the terrace, near enough to the front of the house to see and hear all that passed; and both at the same moment were struck by a peculiar look and ominous shake of the head with which the old groom gazed after his young master as these parting words died away in the clatter of the headlong speed with which he darted off. "I likes no such jests," they heard him mutter to himself as he turned from the door. Both sisters afterwards averred that at that instant the most deadly sinking of the heart fell upon them. They left the terrace as if by mutual consent, reëntered the drawing-room, and sat down to their usual occupations in silence. Three hours after Lucy rose from her chair, came up to Jane, and laid a hand upon hers whose marble coldness made her start.

"Jane," gasped she, in a choking voice, "I— I wish Frederic were come home."

"So do I, Lucy," whispered Jane, vainly trying to control the nervous trembling which shook her from head to foot. "How cold it is!" she ejaculated after a minute's pause, crouching down towards the fire. "Lucy, darling, it is foolish in us to frighten ourselves so; how often have we seen Frederic ride off in that wild way and return quite" \* \* \* \*

The word was arrested on her lips by the slow opening of the drawing-room door. Both sisters

started to their feet, and stood gazing at it as though they had expected the entrance of a spectre. And more like a spectre than a living man was he who now, unannounced, stood before them. It was Sir Henry Monthermer, their nearest neighbor and intimate friend, in full hunting costume, splashed from head to foot, his face pale as a corpse, and manifestly, in spite of his utmost efforts, trembling in every limb.

Lucy sank upon a chair. Jane advanced a step. "Tell me at once, Sir Henry," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "tell me what it is."

"My dear Miss Stanley," exclaimed Sir Henry, taking her hand \*

The old housekeeper and several of the other female servants were clustered near the door in tears. Suddenly a shriek resounded within the drawing-room, so wild, so piercing, as nothing but the very height of agony can wring from the stricken heart. The bell rang furiously, and the women rushed in. They found Sir Henry Monthermer supporting the insensible form of Lucy. Jane was on her knees by her sister's chair, her hands locked together, her face white as marble, her tearless eyes distended, and her bosom heaving almost to suffocation.

"Where is my poor father?" she gasped out as the servants entered.

"Dr. Willis is with my master, ma'am, in the library," whispered the housekeeper, advancing.

"Take care of her, Mrs. Peters, I must go to papa."

She rose from her knees and leaned for a minute against a chair.

"Dear Miss Stanley, do not attempt it," Sir Henry anxiously exclaimed.

"I must," said Jane, "I am quite able. I must go to my father."

Over the anguish of that dreadful day I draw a veil. What language could picture it! Too fearfully true had been poor Frederic's wild words. At the head of Barnham Rise the hounds, in full cry, had burst from the woods, and crossed the road directly before him, followed by a large field of sportsmen. The young horse, already excited by the speed at which he had been going, became utterly ungovernable; a fierce contest ensued; he reared, he plunged, he sprang with all his four feet into the air, but the undaunted rider kept his seat. At last he dashed frantically down the steep descent. A sharp turn occurred near its foot; the maddened animal ran full against the wall which fenced it, the concussion struck him bleeding to the earth, and pitched his unfortunate master right over the wall upon his head. The horror-struck spectators galloped to his assistance. In a few seconds a dozen hands were raising him; but the speed of lightning could have brought no help to him. His neck was broken, and his death had been instantaneous. That very afternoon, the old groom, with the other sorrowing servants of his father's house, repaired to Barnham Rise, thence to bear home the lifeless remains of him who had that morning, in the exuberance of youthful daring, uttered the unconscious prophecy of his own fate.

This awful termination to the career of his erring, wayward, but most attached son, proved the father's death blow. He never recovered from the shock, which for a time, by its very excess of horror, seemed to have deadened him to the faculty of suffering; but whose fatal effects became daily more perceptible. It was long too ere poor Lucy arose, the shadow of her former self, from the sick

bed on which the same cause had laid her prostrate. While Jane was saved, by the absolute necessity for exertion, from similar bodily sufferings, it may be doubted whether the repressed misery, the stifled anguish of her heart, were not more dreadful than theirs, from the very circumstance of their not reacting upon her health, and so leaving her faculties in all their unimpaired intensity. Desolate indeed would have been her situation, but for the unfailing, almost parental kindness and attention of Dr. Willis, the rector of the parish, her father's bosom friend since their college days; and who, upon this terrible occasion, thought, felt, and acted for all. It was he who took upon himself the task of apprizing Arthur of what had occurred; and to whom Mr. Stanley as soon as he was able to think collectedly of anything, delegated the office of writing to urge upon his only surviving son the necessity for taking immediate steps to leave the army, that he might come home to close the eyes which his father felt had well nigh looked their last upon this world, and to afford a home and protection to his sisters. It was sickening to reflect on the length of time which must elapse ere Arthur could receive and act upon the letter; for India was indeed in those days a banishment, to a degree which in *ours* we have nearly learned to forget.

Frederic Stanley met his death early in the month of February; and about the middle of the following June, his father lay upon his death-bed. Mr. Stanley's decay was gradual, and latterly almost painless—more a sinking of the vital powers, than positive disease, and soothed to himself and those around him by the most humble spirit of resignation to the will of God, and undoubting trust in the atonement of the Saviour. One thought alone remained to trouble the serenity of his departing soul. He had committed his poor girls to the Father of the fatherless, he had them ever in his sight, he knew them to be safe at home, and trusted their future with confidence to their affectionate brother; but that brother, where was he? how was it with him then? Could he but see Arthur, could he but embrace his dear boy once more, he would die in peace. This he repeated incessantly. It is true the letters from Arthur and Marion were unfailing in their arrival; their family had missed none, and had never been harassed by long delay in their correspondence; but they were all inevitably of such old dates, so many things might have occurred since they were written, that it could only be a very imperfect joy to receive them at any time, and much more at the present. The longings of the father's heart were unappeasable, and could not be controlled.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening after a day of burning heat. Not a leaf was stirring; the rich foliage of the old trees round Helmsley Hall hung down in heavy, motionless masses, casting their dark shadows on the silvered turf. The atmosphere was odoriferous with flower-scents, and in the perfect stillness, the plashing of the fountain in the pleasure came low and musically on the ear. The fragrant scents, the sweet murmur of the falling water, stole into the chamber of the dying man, where a window had been left open to admit the air, and where, in solemn stillness, his daughters knelt beside his bed to partake with him, for the last time, the memorials of that sacrifice through whose efficacy he trusted ere long to enter into eternal rest.

The sacred rite was over, and shortly after Jane

and Lucy left their father, at his request, a little while alone with his faithful friend. They stole softly into the dressing-room which opened from his apartment, and seated themselves in one of the windows which looked out into an angle of the old house, at the end of the terrace nearest the front. The other window commanded the entrance, the square court edged by evergreens, with its broad gravel sweep, its lofty iron gates, and part of the approach beyond.

The sisters sat in total silence, each fearing to trust her voice in words, each with her arm twined round the other, and Lucy's head laid upon the shoulder of Jane. They did not look out into the lovely moonlight—they could not bear the misery of its contrast with their own feelings—the peace, the repose, the fulness of beauty and sweetness without, the aching, bleeding, sinking hearts within. Suddenly a distant sound struck upon their ears. Both started, raised their heads, and held their breath to listen. It came swiftly on, nearer and nearer, more and more distinct—the sound of a carriage and horses, driving rapidly up the approach.

"Who—who *can* it be?" murmured Lucy. "O Jane, if it were possible . . ."

They could neither of them rise from their seats to look out; the very intensity of suspense chained them down. On, on it came; they could distinguish the grinding of the wheels upon the gravel, the rapid beat of the horses' hoofs; at last it dashed round the sweep, and came to a stop at the front door.

Both sisters sprang to their feet, rushed to the window, threw it open, and leaned out. There was *nothing* below! The moonlight disclosed the minutest objects as distinctly as day, and not a moving thing was visible. The court lay still, and calm, and vacant beneath their eyes.

In stupefied silence they gazed out for some minutes, then, drawing back their heads, fixed their eyes on each other's pale and awe-struck countenances.

"Were we dreaming?" said Jane: "we both heard it!"

A low murmur of voices in the hall below caught their ears. Softly opening a door which communicated with the principal staircase, they advanced into the passage, and leant over the balustrade to listen. The sounds proceeded from several of the servants, who had apparently hurried into the hall to open the door upon hearing the carriage-wheels.

"They have heard it too, Jane," whispered Lucy. "Hush! do you hear what they are saying?"

The servants were talking eagerly, though in subdued tones, amongst themselves, all affirming that the same sounds had reached them in different parts of the house, and exclaiming in terror and astonishment at the unaccountable circumstance. The voice of Mrs. Peters was then audible, enjoining silence, and the others dispersed, the old butler lingering a minute behind.

"Mrs. Peters," the sisters heard him say, "I fear we shall have sad hearts before the night be over. You know *what* it was all we heard just now."

"Ay, too well, too well, Mr. Jones," was Mrs. Peters' reply—and her voice seemed choked by weeping. "I was a girl when the old squire died—our master's father—but well do I remember all the neighbors talking of it; and my aunt, who



was housekeeper at the hall in those days, has told me many a time how the sound, as it were, of a carriage and four seemed to come up from the lodge at the dead of the night, till the whole house heard it drive up to the front entrance and stop; and how the men all hurried to open the door—for no one had gone to bed, the squire's death being hourly expected—and not a living thing was there, horse nor carriage—no, nor the track of a wheel, nor a hoof-mark on the gravel, for the night was dark, and they took out torches to look; and how old John Waters, who had been about the hall, man and boy, well nigh seventy years, and had seen three generations of the family, shook his head where he sat in his chair by the fireside and told them they might spare their pains, for no mark of *that* carriage or horses would they discover. He had heard it; it always foreshows the death of the head of the family."

The cold hands of the sisters were tightly clasped together, as they listened to these words, which seemed to embody the half-formed emotions of awe and fear that possessed them. Clinging closely to each other, they stole back in shuddering silence to the room they had quitted, and almost screamed when a few minutes after the door from their father's room was softly opened.

It was Dr. Willis who appeared, and beckoned them to enter. They approached their father's bed. Even in the brief space of their absence a change had come over his countenance—a strange and unaccustomed expression. His eyes were fixed upon them as they bent over him with a gaze of unutterable love and sorrow.

"Kiss me, my darling girls," said the dying man. "God bless you, my dear, good, dutiful children! God bless and protect you! My poor Arthur! my little Marion! If I could but have seen them again! But *His* holy will be done! You will give them my blessing, Jane."

These were the last connected words audible to his sobbing daughters. He lay back upon the pillows of his bed, his eyes half-closed, the *last* dread sound—the death-rattle—already beginning in his throat.

"Let us pray!" said the voice of Dr. Willis. Jane and Lucy dropped upon their knees by the bedside, and without the half-opened door of the dressing-room Mr. Stanley's old faithful valet, Mrs. Peters, and Jones, were seen kneeling, while the solemn and beautiful prayers for the sick and dying arose from the chamber of death to speed the departing soul.

The service closed in a stillness only broken by the half-suffocating sobs of the two sisters. Suddenly the dying father sprang up erect, his eyes fixed upon some object which appeared to be visible to him at the foot of his bed, his arms outstretched, and his whole countenance illuminated by a smile of the most ineffable rapture.

"*Arthur!*" he exclaimed in a clear and joyous voice. And even as the beloved name escaped his lips, his arms dropped, he fell gently back, and expired without a struggle.

The wedded happiness of Arthur and Marion Stanley—happiness in each other as perfect as ever was bestowed on humanity—had been, if possible, confirmed and strengthened within a year after their marriage by the birth of a son; the intelligence of which event, reaching Helmsley about two months previous to the death of Frederick, had caused the last strong emotion of joy

and thankfulness which had visited the hearts of any there. But five or six weeks before the fatal termination of Mr. Stanley's illness, a letter had arrived from poor Marion addressed to Jane, announcing the death of her baby after a few days' illness. These tidings the medical men in attendance strongly urged upon Jane the necessity of concealing from her father. Even then they did not hide from her how faint were their hopes of his restoration to health; and, as they truly said, it would be a needless pang to inflict upon him. He died in ignorance that his infant grandson had been recalled from the parents who for five happy months had so rejoiced in his dawning loveliness, intelligence, and apparent strength; but many a tear did Jane and Lucy shed over Marion's touching detail of the illness and death of her little darling. She told how she and Arthur had sat beside his cot when all hope was over, and watched the film of death stealing over those sweet blue eyes which had looked so brightly and lovingly into theirs, and kissed the soft cheek so often pilloved on their hearts, and with each kiss felt it become colder and colder, till all was over, and the pure spirit gone back to God; and how they had watched all night beside his little coffin weeping and praying for grace to resign him without murmuring; and in the morning had taken the last look, the last kiss, and parted with him forever in this world. She described the desolation of the house, the horrible stillness, the blank around her; the wandering into her baby's room, with a vague expectation of something to relieve the craving sense of *want* at her heart; and the start, the shock, the horrible tide of recollection awakened by the sight of the empty cot. She told how she had collected and put by with her own hands everything belonging to him—his clothes, his little playthings, the veriest trifle connected in her mind with him, and how she did it with dry eyes that could not shed a tear, and a choking sense of suffocation at her heart till she came upon a rattle with which she had been amusing him the day before his fatal illness began, and at sight of it her baby's smiling face, as he hid it in her bosom, and then looked slyly up at her, arose once more before her eyes, and she sat down and wept till she could weep no more.

Marion detailed all this and more in the fullness of a woman's heart, which must have woman's sympathy in its woes; but she detailed her consolations as well; she dwelt upon Arthur's tenderness, his devotedness, his total forgetfulness of self; told how he had checked his own agonizing sobs over the lifeless form of his first-born to whisper comfort to her; how he had thought of her, felt for her, with more than feminine sympathy; and she said with truth that this hard trial seemed, if possible, to have drawn them more closely together; that she had never known all that Arthur was to her until she had clung to him by the death-bed of her baby. And months rolled on with them and brought calmness, resignation, and even returning sensations of happiness; for they became daily more and more to each other, and little did they guess how those very months were passing at home.

It was now the middle of June—the rainy season—and everything around Poonah, where Arthur's regiment was stationed, was at its greenest and most beautiful, when one evening he and Marion rode out on horseback, as was their daily custom, before sunset. An unusual cloud of sadness

had hung all day on Arthur's brow, and the first mile or two of their ride passed almost in silence. At length they found themselves on a solitary and beautiful road, and one to which they were frequently in the habit of resorting; when Arthur, checking his horse's speed, laid his hand on the pommel of Marion's saddle, and so they proceeded at a foot pace.

"Marion, dearest," he said, "do you know I had a very extraordinary dream last night, or rather early this morning. It has haunted me this whole day, and I must tell it you, though at first I thought I should not."

"Why not tell me, Arthur?" exclaimed she. "I was sure something was the matter, and was just going to ask you what it was. Let me hear it, dearest."

"I was afraid of making you uneasy, my own darling," replied her husband; "but I cannot keep anything secret from you, I find. Well, then, my dream began—I cannot tell how, for there was much confusion in it, but the pervading fancy was that I was wandering alone through strange solitary places where I could not discover my way. At last I found myself in the lime-walk beside the lake at Helmsley. The rest of the dream was singularly vivid, and its minutest details are, as it were, distinctly *painted* before me. I never had so life-like a dream, or one which I remembered so perfectly. It appeared to me a beautiful moonlight night, very much as it was likely to be in reality at this season; bright moonlight, showing every object distinctly. I walked up the lake to our seat, Marion, our own dear seat below the acacia, of which I have often dreamt, but never half so vividly before. There was the very spot before me just as we saw it last; the light, graceful branches bending over it as when we plucked the leaves to take away with us. I sat down and said to myself, 'Thank God that I have lived to see this place once more.' It seemed to me that you, dearest, were not far off, and that I was to wait for you there; but, with the usual inconsistency of dreams, I felt no surprise or uneasiness at your non-appearance. I sat with my eyes fixed upon the branches flickering against the moonlight sky with an indescribable sensation of peace and tranquillity pervading my mind. How long this lasted I cannot tell, but suddenly the scene changed, and I found myself ascending the staircase at the hall. I went up and on till I reached the door of my father's room. There were lights within; the curtains were drawn at the foot of the bed, but left open at the sides. On that nearest the door Jane and Lucy were kneeling and weeping bitterly. I did not see Frederic, but Dr. Willis stood by the head of the bed with an open prayer-book in his hand. I advanced to the foot, drew the curtain aside, and looked in. There lay my father, Marion, as if dying, supported by pillows, and apparently nearly insensible. But at the instant I opened the curtain he started up, with his eyes fixed upon me, stretched out his arms, and with a look—such a look! so full of joy! I see it now!—he exclaimed, 'Arthur!' then, as suddenly fell back lifeless on his pillow. This is all I recollect. I fancy I awoke directly after. But was it not a strange dream, Marion?"

"Very, very strange!" exclaimed Marion. "Oh! Arthur, I wish we had letters from England."

"Long, long, it will be ere we have letters up to *that* date," said Arthur. "It may seem weak-

ness, Marion, but I own I shall not be easy until we have. I cannot tell you how the extraordinary minuteness of that dream haunts me. I have made a memorandum of the date and of the hour, which, making allowance for the difference of time, must have been about eleven at night there. Time will show whether or not it were more than a mere imagination."

Time! alas! the sands of time were well nigh run out for him, to whom, as it afterwards turned out, when Marion related to her sisters the particulars of this unforgotten dream, a mysterious communication with his father's departing spirit had been thus strangely permitted; for the date and the hour exactly corresponded with those of Mr. Stanley's death!

One morning about a week after this time, Arthur (who, in the course of some regimental duty, had been exposed the previous day to a drenching fall of rain, after having been violently heated) complained of illness. Alarmed by his looks, and by a complaint from him, for his usual habit was to make light of any feeling of indisposition, Marion instantly despatched a messenger for the regimental surgeon; but even before he could reach the house it was plain that her husband's was no trivial disorder. The case proved to be one of internal inflammation, and defied all that care and skill could do to arrest its fatal progress. Twenty-four hours—hours in whose brief space were concentrated a whole lifetime of misery—did Marion hang over his couch, in vain endeavors to assuage the agony of that dread strife betwixt life and death in the vigorous frame of young manhood, till all hope was over; and in the interval of ease from suffering immediately preceding dissolution, she bent her ear to listen to the whispered words of his last farewell; the words that bade her look for comfort to the Redeemer, on whom his humble trust was stayed; the words of love, of tenderness, of bitter anguish for her whom he was leaving behind him so desolate, tempered by the faith which looked forward to their eternal reunion.

"Marion, my own beloved wife! we shall meet again."

These were the last audible sounds that escaped his lips; and then his eyes remained fixed on her, his hands clasped hers, till those bright and loving eyes grew dim and glazed, those faithful hands stiffened in her grasp, and the kind, the upright, the noble heart of Arthur Stanley ceased to beat.

He died at early morning—the glorious hour of an Indian morning at that season—with clouds of incense steaming up from the green earth and the unfolding flowers to hail the rising sun! a scene of beauty and of splendor without—how fearfully contrasting with the scene within! And all that long bright day did Marion sit in the darkened room, beside the bed, in tearless, voiceless desolation. There were some gentle hearts of her own sex near her, who had flown to her help on hearing of her calamity, and many male friends, for all his brother officers had loved and honored Arthur, and nowhere are the claims of our sorrowing fellow-beings so quickly felt, and responded to by so much of active kindness, as in India; but no one ventured to intrude upon her last watch by the dead. She sat alone and silent. She could neither weep nor pray—scarcely even *feel*—beyond the stifling sense of some unutterable weight of woe. The only sign of consciousness she evinced was in a convulsive start whenever the different bugle calls which mark the passage of the day in a mili-

tary cantonment pierced the air with their melancholy, wailing notes. Similar notes had fallen on her ear at intervals through the agonizing hours of the previous day, and who that has suffered requires to be told of the strength of association connected with musical sounds! Often heard before, but never heard as *then*, from that time forth what unknown depths of anguish were stirred by their recurrence within her soul!

The long bright day was nearly over, and with it was departing the *last*, last shadow of his presence who had but a few brief hours before gone forth to enjoy just such another evening, in health and vigor by her side. Short is the interval between life and death everywhere—shortest of all in India: and yet more awfully short the interval between death and the grave. Ere sunset that evening was the dust to be given back to dust. And Marion took her last look, her last kiss, of Arthur; and with that last kiss came rushing on her heart the memory of the *first*—the memory of that summer noon when they sat together beneath the acacia tree. That memory thawed the icy chain that seemed to bind down her heart; and as a kind and pitying hand gently loosened the convulsive grasp with which her arms were clinging round the coffin, she sank upon the now vacant pillow in a burst of hysteric agony which saved her reason from giving way; and after a time—a long time, when she was kindly and wisely left again alone, she arose and went unto her Father, fell upon her knees by her husband's death-bed, and prayed.

"I remember no circumstance," said my friend, when her narrative had reached this climax; "I remember no circumstance which caused so universal a sensation as the tidings of Arthur Stanley's death did in this neighborhood. Such an event, so dreadful, so entirely unexpected, so annihilating to the poor sisters, whose only consolation since the deaths of their father and elder brother had been derived from anticipations of their reünion with Arthur and his wife. Oh! it was fearful even to think of what their sensations must be in hearing it! The coldest-hearted were moved to pity, and those who really knew and loved them lamented almost as for a brother of their own. And he was so universally beloved, and precisely one of those beings with whom one cannot connect the idea of death, and scarcely even of sorrow, so full of bright, joyous, energetic life. Amid all possible contingencies, *this* never had occurred to any one, and the effect of its announcement was stunning bewildering. Never shall I forget it. There was one universal gush of sorrow and sympathy. But what could any human sympathy avail in such a case? And there was more even than the present burden of affliction involved in this direful calamity. The sisters would awake from the first stupefaction of grief to find themselves and their brother's young widow compelled to quit the home of their childhood, and go forth into the desolate world to seek another. This, the miserable result of an entail upon the male line, must be the consequence of Arthur's dying childless. Had the poor baby lived they would at least have been spared the anguish of leaving Helmsley. And in consequence of Frederic's unfortunate involvements, their portion of worldly goods would be but small to those accustomed as they had been to wealth and ease; whilst poor Marion, in the absence of any legal provision for an event at the time of her marriage

so seemingly improbable as her husband's succeeding to the property, would augment their united means only by Arthur's share of his mother's fortune, and her pension as his widow. Not that *they* were any of them capable at this period of a thought connected with such topics; but these considerations, occurring to all who were interested in their fate, augmented, if anything could, the sorrow felt for them. The heir of entail, Mr. Cressingham Stanley, a distant relation whom they had never seen, was known to be an extravagant, needy spendthrift, who had married an heiress, of whose possessions he retained little save the name he had assumed on their account, and the incumbrance of a house and grounds too extensive for his means. No kindness or assistance was to be expected from him towards his unfortunate young relations; and in truth it was well that nothing *was* expected, as his subsequent unfeeling conduct has proved. Never was any household made desolate by a more melancholy tissue of domestic calamities; and the extinction of the good old line of the Stanleys was felt by rich and poor as a public misfortune."

I inquired how the sisters bore the announcement of their brother's death.

"At first," replied my friend, "I suppose it was hard to say on which the shock fell most killingly; I know no particulars, for except Dr. Willis, no one saw them. Even Lady Monthermer, one of their most intimate female friends, did not for some time, and indeed made no effort to do so, feeling, as every delicate mind must do, that deep sorrow is best left to itself at first. I myself had always been on very intimate and affectionate terms with the Stanleys, but I never dreamt of intruding upon them until I received a message from Jane, to say that she should like to see me. I went immediately; and never shall I forget our meeting. It was not only the uncontrollable agitation, of an intensity which I have seldom experienced, which rendered it so memorable, but it was the shock, the shock which I could scarcely disguise, with which I beheld Lucy Stanley, and which instantly brought to my heart the conviction that yet another bereavement was in store for her poor sister; that the work of the destroyer was not finished in that devoted family. Wasted to a shadow, pale, *white*, as marble, save for a deep pink spot burning on each cheek, her blue eyes so unnaturally large, so bright, not even dimmed by all the tears they had shed; her hair, which used to curl naturally, clinging in damp, heavy masses round her hollow temples; the very expression of her countenance, an earnest, *anxious* look, which I cannot describe in words, but which you will understand if you ever happened to see any one dying of a lingering disease—all told me at a glance that her doom was sealed, and I could scarce command voice or words to go through our interview, even after its first emotions were calmed, with tolerable composure. Poor, poor Lucy! how often one sees these bright, gay, joyous beings sink at once, and utterly, beneath the pressure of affliction! and theirs was such an accumulated burden. Sorrow had been so alien to her happy nature it was like an untimely frost killing some beautiful delicate flower. Jane, who had been tried, early schooled in the woman's lesson, 'to suffer and be still,' had been so, doubtless, in the mysterious discipline which proportions all our trials to the part assigned us in this life, and educates us, as it were, both for time and eternity. Her part was, and is, to live



for others; to repress her own sorrows for their sakes, to exert her energies for them; yes, and to find—or there is no truth in the promises of the Gospel—peace for her own wounded spirit, in its humble submission and self-forgetting devotedness.

"I found Jane preparing to leave home for a purpose which she could scarcely command her feelings sufficiently to tell me. She was about to proceed to Liverpool, there to await the arrival of the Indianman in which Marion had taken her passage home, and which was looked for in a few days. Agonizing as the effort was, she was resolved to make it. She could not bear the idea of her poor young sister landing among strangers, or receiving from any lips but hers the tidings of which she must arrive in ignorance, that she was returning, a mourner, to the house of mourning, and had no longer a father's home left to shelter her. 'The small comfort,' she said, 'that her presence could bring her, Marion should not lose through any selfish shrinking from trial on her part. Kind, good Dr. Willis insisted on accompanying her, and Lucy, who,'—here her voice faltered still more—'who was not equal to the fatigue and agitation, was anxious for her to go, and quite content to be left under Mrs. Peters' careful nursing.

"She departed accordingly, and during the ten days of her absence I went constantly to see Lucy, who seemed to find comfort in my visits. From many things she said to me I drew the conclusion that she herself was perfectly sensible of her own approaching death. She never said it in so many words; I think she had not nerve to utter what must involve the idea of such added suffering to the survivors; but for *herself*, in so far as she was concerned, the bitterness of death was over to her young and gentle heart, and she was resigned to go. I never saw her after that time, and I never shall forget her as I saw her last. It was the day before that on which her sisters were expected home: she was nervous, agitated, and excited to a great degree, and welcomed my visit as a relief from her own thoughts; so that I remained longer than usual with her, until the darkening of the short November afternoon warned me to be gone. I had bidden her farewell, and left her in the sitting-room which was then in daily use—that sweet little old-fashioned apartment which you may remember my pointing out to you, opening from the drawing-room and looking out upon the terrace. As I was crossing the large, empty, deserted room beyond, a sudden impulse prompted me to return for a moment to the door of that I had quitted, and look once more upon its inmate. She had sunk back in the large easy chair which she occupied, her eyes closed, her small white attenuated hands laid listlessly upon her lap, making a mournful contrast with her mourning garments, and through the gathering gloom her form, in its languid repose, looked almost death-like. All was so still, so dark, around her, that I almost shuddered as I looked in; when suddenly the setting sun, which had been sinking unperceived behind heavy, murky clouds, struggling through them for a space ere he disappeared, cast a bright beam full upon the window opposite her seat, and her golden hair and pallid brow became lighted up, and encircled, as it were, with a glory. It seemed it *was* a light from heaven, an earnest of that better light which should brighten the valley of the shadow of death. I gazed upon the lovely vision,

and turned away with a heart full of sadness, yet full of consoling thoughts. How often have I recalled that moment, and how often rejoiced that such, so holy, so beautiful, should be my last recollection of that sweet dying girl!

"Jane and Marion arrived at the hall late in the afternoon of the following day; another gloomy November day—calm, dark, and still, without a breath of wind to stir the boughs whence the withered leaves were stealing quietly down. I remember thinking it a seasonable day for *such* a return. Her heart, who had left these woods a happy bride little more than two years before, in all the pomp and glory of summer, was even more altered, more withered than they, and not like them to revive again. Bright sunshine and green glancing boughs would have seemed, as the loveliness of nature often does seem in this sad world, a mockery of its woe. I could turn my thoughts to no other subject that day than the dreary, the unutterably dreary arrival of that young creature at the once happy home whence she had departed so full of hope and joy, and the dreadful meeting between the three bereaved mourners who were so soon to be driven from that home, still so dear even in its desolation. I pictured it to myself in all its particulars, with all the torrent of memories that would rush in to aggravate its bitterness, yet I have no doubt the reality far transcended any imagination of mine.

"It happened that I was then about to leave home on a visit to some friends in the north, and when I returned at Christmas time the Stanleys had quitted the hall. Their departure, already necessitated by the cruel, indecent eagerness shown by Mr. Cressingham Stanley to receive possession of the premises, had been hastened by the increased illness of Lucy, and the advice of her medical attendant to remove her to Devonshire ere the severity of winter set in. Leaving, therefore, to the agent who had for many years conducted business for their father the charge of breaking up their establishment, and delivering over to the new owner all to which he could lay a claim, and to Mrs. Peters and the old steward that of removing all belonging to themselves, they set off with as little delay as possible for Torquay, attended by the faithful Jones, who positively refused to leave his young mistresses, and I have no doubt will end his days in their service. What must have been their sensations in departing *thus* from Helmsley!

"And now there is little more to tell. Lucy Stanley lingered through the winter and died in early spring; but upwards of a year elapsed from the period of her death ere the survivors returned hither and established themselves in the house where they live at present. It was a little before this time twelvemonth they returned; and when I went to call on them, I saw Marion for the first time. I found her altered indeed—still lovely, but so unlike, so totally changed from the beautiful blooming girl whom I had last beheld, as I well remembered, walking on the terrace at the hall, in all the pretty consciousness of a young bride, leaning on the arm of her handsome, animated, happy husband. It was but four summers since; but forty winters have passed over the heads of many and left them less completely bankrupt in all that makes the difference between age and youth in the heart. Yet there was no sullenness, no gloom or bitterness in her state of feeling. Blessed for herself, Marion's is one of those lowly minded, gentle, child-like natures, in which there

is no rebellion against the chastisements of Providence. Sorrow has broken her spirit—not chafed it—and she has acknowledged a Father's hand in all. It is a most touching thing to see how she clings to Jane, and how the two, left as they are alone on earth, seem every day more closely drawn to each other—but not selfishly so; they are not absorbed in their own griefs to the exclusion of sympathy for their fellow-creatures. If they shrink from mingling in general society, and feel that with the lighter scenes of this life they can henceforth have nothing in common, they are to be heard of wherever there is want or sorrow to alleviate; and they always welcome the visits of their old friends, and manifest a warm interest in all that concerns them, which shows that they have not yielded to the exclusiveness of feeling apt to be engendered by brooding over private afflictions. Many people wondered at their choosing to return to this neighborhood, but I thought I could perfectly understand the feeling which prompted it. So long as Mr. Cressingham Stanley had remained at Helmsley I can believe they would not willingly have done so; but that gentleman, after a few months' residence at the hall, during which he must have perceived himself to be exceedingly unpopular in the neighborhood, pronounced the place dull and detestable, and removed his family once more to his wife's property in —shire, which I lately heard of their having left for the continent. He tried to let the hall, but failed to find a tenant, and now he is cutting down timber so far as permitted by the entail, which fortunately protects all within a wide circuit of the mansion, and allowing everything to go to ruin. Thus poor Jane and Marion have at all times access to the grounds and the house, and their walks thither generally end, they tell me, in the cottage near the village, to which their good old friend, Mrs. Peters, has retired to spend the remainder of her days, with her to indulge in the melancholy luxury of talking and weeping over the past. They fixed their residence in the town of —, they say, instead of the country, partly because there was no country residence to be had within so easy a distance of the hall, but still more for the sake of living close by the cathedral. It is impossible—both sisters have often told me—to express the soothing, consoling, sanctifying influence they have derived from the service there; the relief it has repeatedly afforded them from the pressure of bitter thoughts, or the degree to which it seems to temper the fitful fever of this earthly life with the peace and repose of the heavenly. I have often wished that those who entertain a mistrust of the feelings excited by our sublime church music could hear the testimony in its favor borne by those whose own experience certainly has qualified them to speak upon the subject. I think they would be compelled to admit that there may be a class of feelings not in themselves entirely devotional, but which in their intensity and their purity, above all, in their elevation above the littleness of earthly things, are calculated to lead the soul from earth towards heaven: and that whatever has a tendency to excite and cherish such feelings cannot in itself be otherwise than good. A heart so crushed beneath a load of sorrow that the voice of speech, though uttered by the best and wisest of men, would fall on the ear in vain, may yet be reached by the power of music—touched, softened, and won to thoughts of calmness and submission. Surely it is not well to seek to dispense with so potent an auxiliary."

Thus closed the narrative of my friend; and after hearing it, it may be conceived with what added feelings of interest I revisited Helmsley Hall, which I did again more than once in her company; while those who possess a natural bent towards the dreaming and the visionary will understand how it was that the seat beneath the acacia, and the room in which Mr. Stanley had died, should have been the two spots which I most particularly loved to haunt, connected as they were in my mind with one of those mysteries which in this world do sometimes occur to baffle all the matter-of-fact explanations of the most severely rational philosophers, and whose *real* explanation we shall never come at till we reach that place where all the mysteries that now encompass our being shall be made plain.

During the remainder of my stay at — I more than once accompanied my friend in her visits to Mrs. and Miss Stanley, and found them all that she had represented—

"—Souls, by force of sorrows, high  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity."

Brief as the space of our acquaintance had been, neither she nor they were creatures to be forgotten, and I sorrowed deeply on leaving them when the time arrived for my departure. Yet I consoled myself by the idea that as the hospitable family whom I had been visiting had pressed me warmly to return again, I should certainly do so, and should then find this attractive acquaintance ripen into intimacy. But the trite old saying, "Man proposes and God disposes," which meets with new exemplification every day, was not belied in this instance. Events, at that time totally unexpected, occurred to alter all my plans and prospects soon after my return home; and it was only last year that having shortly before returned from a lengthened residence abroad, I once more found myself at —. Amid all the changes which I beheld on my return to England—changes which in the space of a few years have transformed the whole outward aspect of the country, and perhaps have not done much less to alter its moral features, this ancient and somewhat secluded place had preserved more of its former character than any I had as yet revisited. It is true that a railroad had made its way thither, and that in consequence the fine old cathedral had become a *Lion* for tourists during the summer months; but upon the whole, beyond the inevitable alteration in habits and modes of thinking consequent upon the rising up of a new generation amongst its inhabitants, I found matters proceeding in a manner wonderfully resembling that of eighteen years ago; and it gave me a sensation of peace and repose to turn from the feverish turmoil of the accelerated speed at which everybody I had as yet met with appeared to be hurrying through life, to the still, untroubled quiescence of the cathedral close, and the holy and venerable associations entwined with the unaltered routine of the daily service.

One of my earliest cares was to seek out my pleasant companion and friend of former days, whom I found still unmarried, and no longer young, but kind and agreeable as ever, presiding as mistress of her father's house, and guardian of several younger sisters. From her I anxiously sought for accounts of those in whom I had felt so warm an interest during my first visit to —, and learned what I could not call *sad* tidings, so

far as they were concerned, and yet how bitterly did I weep over them! The long-severed were united at last!—parents and children, brothers and sisters, and those even more tenderly attached—the husband and wife, whose brief day of wedded love had been followed by so dark a night of sorrow—all were now restored to each other, their days of mourning were ended, and the last of the Stanleys had entered into rest. And who was *the last*? On which of those gentle beings had that dread doom been laid—

“ \* \* \* To be

The last leaf which, by Heaven's decree,  
Must hang upon a blasted tree!”

It was on Marion; on that clinging, loving, trusting heart. She, in the inscrutable decree of Providence, willing, doubtless, to perfect her faith through the sore tribulation of losing her last earthly prop and stay, was for five years left alone. When I heard this she had been upwards of a twelvemonth in her grave, and the death of her sister had preceded hers by that length of time. Jane's last illness was a brief one—an attack of fever, which at the end of ten days terminated fatally. Her last hours, during which her mind was perfectly collected, and her bodily suffering at an end, were a meet close for such a life, hallowed by the faith, the hope, which on the threshold of eternity realized the unseen things of heaven, and rendered her death-bed in very deed the gate of life. At her own request Marion and she were for a long while left alone together the day before she died. The particulars of that last solemn interview none ever heard; but its hallowing influence remained to calm the agony of her for whom, from that time forth, there were to be no more hours of confidence, no more unrestrained outpourings of the heart, who had no one left on earth with whom to recall the short-lived joys and long sorrows of the past. It was Marion's hand that closed the eyes which so long had beamed upon her path with more than a sister's love, and Marion's voice which, when the last struggle was over, found strength to ejaculate, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.” She even learned to be thankful that Jane, who had suffered so much and so long, had been spared the utter solitude of heart in which her own life was doomed to close.

After a time, when she overcame the agonizing feelings which caused her to shrink at first with terror from the thought of going out *alone*, Marion's constant walk, so long as her strength continued equal to it, was to Helmsley church, the resting-place of those whom she had loved so dearly. The Stanley family were buried in a vault beneath the church, which contained within its walls several altar-tombs, and other ancient monuments of the race; and outside many inscriptions of later date; amongst which were two white marble monuments, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Stanley by his daughters, and to that of Arthur, whose remains were mouldering so far from his kindred dust, by his widow; another whose simple and pathetic inscription recorded the untimely fate of Frederic; a little tablet, bearing the name of “Arthur, infant son of Arthur and Marion Stanley;” and *one*, the last of all, inscribed with those of Lucy and of Jane, with a space left beneath, destined one day to be filled up with hers, the one survivor. Here she would sit for hours beneath *one* of the fine yews which ornament that beautiful

old churchyard, gazing upon these beloved names, and feeling, doubtless, more of companionship in the neighborhood of the dead than remained for her amongst the living; for she had not one link left to the days of old. Dr. Willis, that invaluable friend, had been some years dead; and in a corner of the churchyard, not far from her usual seat, two head-stones, of different dates, recorded the virtues and faithful servitude of the good old housekeeper and of Jones, the latter of whom had died under her roof a couple of years before, having long survived Mrs. Peters. It had been the care of herself and Jane to erect these memorials of their grateful remembrance of those humble friends, for whose loss they had felt—and justly felt—that they could never in this world find compensation.

The last walk that Marion ever took was to the hall. That beloved place had been for ten years past closed to her and her sister, having been let on lease during that period to a family who resided there constantly. But during the last summer of her life they left it, and the agent of its worthless owner, now naturalized in Italy by the pressure of debts which rendered his return home impossible, had not as yet succeeded in finding another tenant. Thus Marion found herself once more at liberty to resume those visits to it, their enforced deprivation of which had been so severely felt by both during the last years of Jane's life. The one to which I have alluded was on a beautiful day in the month of June, nearly the whole of which she spent in the house and grounds; and she was observed sitting for a long while beneath the acacia near the lake. My informant paid her a visit the following day, when she told her where she had been, and dwelt upon the strange mixture of pleasure and of pain with which she had found herself there once more. She spoke of Jane, too, of Lucy, of Arthur, and of the old days of Helmsley Hall.

“It was long,” she said, “long ere I could utter those names after dear Jane was called away, but of late I have felt less of pain than of comfort in speaking of them to you, who knew and loved them all. It is now within a few days of twenty years since Arthur died. *Twenty years!* What should I once have thought—with what horror should I have deprecated the idea—had any one told me that twenty years after that day of anguish I should be alive to talk of it! Yes, and alive as I am—*alone*. I thought I could not survive him. I prayed, in my first wild despair, that I might not; but grief does not kill. Yet it is well that we do not know the path that lies before us.”

My friend said something of the long years of suffering which she must have endured.

“Yes,” replied Marion, “God alone knows the bitterness of my sorrow, and the struggles of my heart ere it could learn submission. But, dearest friend, I should be ungrateful indeed if I were to say that I have had nothing but sorrow. The trials that come direct from the hand of God, if they be taken in a right spirit, bring in time their own consolation with them. I can fancy trials that make far less of outward show—those inflicted by man on man—far, far more difficult to endure than mine. My own dear Jane's lot was a more bitter one; and yet mine was obvious to the eyes of all; while few were aware how every after affliction to her was darkened and deepened by the remembrance of the first; how the cruel, with-



ering disappointment of her early hopes would have blighted every joy, as it gave poignancy to every sorrow. Yet how nobly, how patiently she bore it all. How often I have felt rebuked by her meek endurance! As for me, if there have been hours—and many there have been—when I have thought I could not live, could not bear the light of day, deprived of that perfect love which once was all my own, these agonizing struggles have passed away, they have long been over, but the memory of that love abides with me, it cannot die. To think how I *have been loved*—to recall nothing, nothing of my short term of wedded life but affection, kindness, tenderness, not a harsh word, not an angry feeling; to think that it passed away from me untainted by one circumstance that could mingle bitterness with the remembrance of it—this is surely joy blended with sorrow, for I can think of that love as living still, and again to be my own where there are no more partings, and where I might never have had hope to arrive but for the sharp trials that just led my heart away from earth. And now that earth is to me a desert, its solitude seems to draw me into closer communion with that world beyond the grave.”

The twentieth anniversary of Arthur's death arrived—a day of brightness and beauty, recalling faint images of that whose gorgeous glories had been poured in vain on his desolated dwelling; and Marion, as was her unfailing custom, attended at morning service in the minster, on her return from which she retired, as she was always wont to do upon such anniversaries—of which she had many to observe—to pass the forenoon in her own apartment. Some hours after, her maid, having

occasion to deliver a message, knocked at her door, and receiving no reply, repeated the summons several times still in vain; then becoming alarmed, gently opened it and entered. Her mistress was seated in a chair whose back was towards the door, and on a small table beside it were her Bible—which had been her husband's—his miniature, a paper containing the rich, brown, glossy curls which had been cut from his head that day twenty years ago, another which held the silky locks that Marion's own hand had shorn from the brow of her dead baby ere she laid him in his coffin, and the withered acacia leaves pulled by herself and Arthur before they sailed for India. Her hand rested on Arthur's picture, and a stillness, a rigidity in her motionless attitude alarmed the affectionate servant, who hastily advanced. One glance confirmed her fears. Marion leant back in her chair, a smile of the most ineffable peace lingering on her lips, but the eyes were fixed, the hand cold as marble. The spirit, long prepared for the last dread hour, had been thus gently, thus painlessly summoned to depart; the ransomed one was with her God, the last wanderer of the flock had gained the fold; the parted had met again!

She was laid in the vault at Helmsley church, and, in pursuance of her own desire, contained in a written paper found in her desk, the acacia leaves, and the picture of her husband, together with his hair and that of her child, were placed beside her in her coffin—memorials of a love stronger than death.

“They sin who tell us love can die.”

’Tis vain to grieve for what is past;

The golden hours are gone;

My own mad hand the die has cast,

And I am left alone;

’Tis vain to grieve—I now can leave

No other bliss—yet still I grieve!

The dreadful silence of this night

Seems breathing in my ear;

I scarce can bear the lonely light

That burns oppressed and near,

I stare at it while half reclined

And feel its thick light on my mind.

The sweetest fate have I laid waste

With a remorseless heart;

All that was beautiful and chaste

For me seemed set apart;

But I was fashioned to defy,

Such treasure to set richly by.

How could I give up *her* whose eyes

Were filled with quiet tears,

For many a day—when thoughts would rise,

Thoughts darkened by just fears

Of all my vices—memory sees

Her eyes’ divine remonstrances.

A wild and wretched choice was mine,

A life of low delight;

The midnight rounds of noise and wine,

That vex the wasted night;

The bitter jest, the wearied glee,

The strife of dark society.

To those who plunged me in the throng

Of such disastrous joys,

Who led me by slow craft along,

And stunned my mind with noise—

I only wish they now could look  
Upon my life’s despoiled book.

When midnight finds me torn apart

From vulgar revelry,

The cold still madness of the heart

Comes forth and talks with me;

Talks with me till the sky is gray

With the chill light of breaking day.

My love is lost—my studies marred—

My friends disgraced and changed—

My thoughts all scattered and impaired—

My relatives estranged;—

Yet can I not by day recall

My ruined spirit from its thrall!

Corcoran.

LORD BYRON A HUMBUG.—Lord Byron wrote more cant of this sort than any poet I know of. Think of “the peasant girls with dark blue eyes” of the Rhine—the brown-faced, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, dirty wenches! Think of “filling high a cup of Samian wine;” small beer is nectar compared to it, and Byron himself always drank gin. That man *never* wrote from his heart. He got up rapture and enthusiasm with an eye to the public; but this is dangerous ground, even more dangerous than to look Athens full in the face, and say that your eyes are not dazzled by its beauty. The great public admires Greece and Byron; the public knows best. Murray’s “Guide Book” calls the latter “our native bard.” Our native bard! *Mon Dieu!* He Shakspeare’s, Milton’s, Keats’, Scott’s native bard! Well, woe be to the man who denies the public gods! The truth is, then, that Athens is a disappointment; and I am angry that it should be so.—*Mr. Titmarsh.*

OREGON: AN AMERICAN VOICE FOR ARBITRATION.

THERE is a peculiarity in the legislative institutions of the United States of America, which in Europe is apt to be overlooked. Even in England, the debates of the representative body take their tone from the aristocracy and men in office; when foreign relations are on the tapis, a considerable amount of diplomatic reticence prevails. In America, both houses are representative, the president himself elected by the people, the tone of debate is taken from the people, and is, like them, outspoken. The legislature of America is to the legislature of England as a man who thinks aloud is to one who matures his ideas in silence before he speaks. In so far as the government and the legislature are concerned, in England we learn little more than the results of deliberations on foreign affairs; in America, the whole process of argumentation by which final resolutions are obtained lies open to the scrutiny of all. The American bees work in a glass hive. Words and motions in the legislative assemblies at Washington, which in the houses at London or the chambers at Paris would denote a foregone conclusion of war, are real *bona fide* deliberation. To European habits this entire publicity is rather offensive; it is as if we heard a person with whom we drove a bargain conjecturing aloud what might be our concealed object, imputing all possible kinds of meannesses to us, in his anxiety to guard against being overreached—yet all without any deliberate intention to force a quarrel upon us. Notwithstanding the vaporing of senators like General Cass and Mr. Sevier, the debates in the senate at Washington, taken as a whole, do not present much reasonable ground of alarm for the interruption of peace.

The real statesmen of the union maintain a firm attitude, and give the "angry boys" of the west full scope for their railing. Mr. Webster quietly assumes that the president, being a reasonable man, cannot contemplate war; Mr. Crittenden, voting for the inquiry proposed by General Cass, rebukes him at the same time for his irrelevant and irritating declamation; Mr. Calhoun brings the senate to agree that the Oregon inquiries shall all be taken up at once, and places the business in such a train as shall leave members a considerable time for reflection, and quiet, unexaggerated interchange of opinion. An impression appears to have prevailed in Washington that the result would be a "monster debate" on the great question of war or arbitration, before the close of the session. As if with a view to this, remarkable resolutions had been laid on the table of the house of representatives by Mr. Winthrop of Massachusetts. They are, in effect—that the Oregon controversy is a fit subject for negotiation and compromise; that for Great Britain and America to go to war "upon a question of no immediate or practical interest to either," would be a disgrace to the age; and that "it is due to the principles of civilization and Christianity that a resort to arbitration should be had." To meet the jealousy of crowned arbiters insinuated by General Cass, Mr. Winthrop suggests—"That arbitration does not necessarily involve a reference to crowned heads; and that if a jealousy of such a reference is entertained in any quarter, a commission of able and dispassionate citizens from the two countries, or from the world at large, offers itself as an obvious and unobjection-

able alternative. These resolutions savor more of Benjamin Franklin than anything that has yet been said on the subject in the union. The old spirit of Faneuil Hall breathes throughout them. The idea of referring the disputes of nations to a tribunal of the most intelligent and moral citizens of their age, whatever their nominal rank, is conceived in a sound utilitarian spirit—with a due sense of moral greatness. It was as a guarantee of the progress of such maxims of state policy, that the foundation of the experimental republic of the old Thirteen was hailed with joy in every clime by the philanthropists of last century. Strong majorities in favor of such resolutions, in both houses of congress, would go far to reassure the doubting, and prove that if the extreme latitude of public discussion in America at times elicits jarring expressions of violent passion, the stormy conflict of opinion only makes sound maxims of policy strike their roots deeper into public conviction. The gain or loss of Oregon to this country would be a trifle when compared with the importance of such a triumph of enlightened and humane opinion.

*Spectator.*

OLD SHIPS—I see by your paper that the editor of the United States Gazette, thinks a ship built in 1803, not only *old*, but the *oldest*.

Now I am a *yankee*, and as yankees don't like to be beat in anything—I can't in *silence* let that ship of 1803 bear the flag which the writer has put up.

In the district of New Bedford, the whaling emporium, *they have* ship editors, *old ships!* and that *were old* in 1803. I presume they have a great many, for I who don't live there, know of *two*. One is the "*Herald*" of Fair Haven, belonging to Samuel Bordon, Esq., of that place, which is between 51 and 52 years old, and is now after the "*parmacetti's*." The other is the ship "*Maria*" of New Bedford, a fast sailer and successful whaler which once made a voyage to the coast of Chili, returning full at the end of ten and a half months.—The *Maria* belongs, I think, to some of the Rodman family, was brought from France some time prior to the American Revolution, by her owner Mr. W. Rotch, (and was then I presume an old ship,) was subsequently given by Mr. Rotch to his daughter, Mrs. Rodman: it was this ship *Maria*, that *first* hoisted to the breeze upon the Thames, after the revolutionary war, the "*Stars and Stripes*;" for the *first time* after the war, the Londoners saw them playing from the gaff of the *Maria*.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I may be in error about some of the family matters noted above, for it was an *old story* in 1803, but about carrying the *Stars and Stripes* to London, *I won't fall a mile*, and if you will "only just" ask the Editor of the New Bedford Mercury, he can "brush up" a little information about these points that will be well worth knowing.—*New York Express.*

In the Court of Bankruptcy, proofs of debt were taken on the estate of Sir John Ross. Sir John was set down as a banker, being proprietor in a small joint stock bank; but he is better known as the enterprising explorer of the Arctic Seas. The debts and liabilities are estimated at about 10,000*l.*, and the assets at nearly 600*l.* Sir John's annual income from all sources is 950*l.* His embarrassment is attributed to losses sustained by the failure of his publishers, and to debts incurred in fitting out one of his expeditions.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

For more than twenty years we have been wishing that the interests of America were represented in Europe, by a weekly paper issued from London. In this respect England has set us an example. The New York Albion has every week for twenty-five years contributed to a better knowledge of both nations. If, during all that time, it had effected no other good than the introduction of Indian corn into England, it would have been a valuable subject of Great Britain. But it has at all times been ready to defend British interests when ignorantly or angrily attacked on this side the water.

Much more necessary is a similar journal in London, to America. We have always been tolerably well informed upon European affairs. At least we have always been ready to give attention to them. But the public in Europe, even in England, do not understand—do not attend to us. It is only by the danger of war, which would involve war in Europe, that some portion of thought has been now sent this way by the masses. They have heretofore been, and yet are, entirely at the mercy of bitterly prejudiced and partially informed English newspapers;—and it has been easy at any time to excite the fanaticism, even of the religious part of the British public against us. The style in which they talk of us, seems to imply indeed ignorance of the course of their own government, and the events which happen within their own time.

The period of neglect has passed by. Twenty years ago it was said that a sufficient sale could not be had for such a paper in England, to defray its expenses. Now it would circulate extensively in England and France; and in as much of Germany as would admit such a visitor.

As we can base the defence of American measures, at least so far as Europe is concerned, upon peace and justice—it is very desirable that we should be able to reach the fountains of public opinion there.

Such a paper would probably be greatly enriched by the contributions of members of our various European legations—and by American travellers or residents abroad.

The success of Willmer & Smith's European Times, shows that such a paper would have a considerable sale in America. We suggest to these gentlemen the expediency of placing their journal under American editorship, as a means of gaining a greater sale here. Perhaps this might be made such a paper as we have long desired.

The following article from the New York Commercial Advertiser, further illustrates this subject.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.—We have had frequent occasion to notice the inconvenience that arises from the general dependence of the press in this country on the English journals for information of what takes place on the European

continent; an inconvenience more perceptible than ever since the establishment of those labor-saving but very unreliable papers in Liverpool which are got up expressly for transmission to this country by the steam-ships. Even if the English journalists were fairly disposed to represent matters as they are, it is difficult to avoid giving a bias to sayings or doings, in transferring from one language to another; and it must be remembered that the English journals obtain their information from the continent, for the most part, not by translation from the continental papers, but in letters from their own correspondents, whose representations almost invariably have a more or less decided tendency to English views and English interests. This was particularly noticeable in the accounts that first reached us of the debates in the French Chambers, when the course of M. Guizot in Texan and other cis-Atlantic affairs was under discussion. Every careful reader must have observed how assiduously the speeches of M. Guizot were favored and those of his assailants depreciated, in the English papers.

The evil is great but it is difficult to suggest a remedy. In the hurry of getting out a great body of foreign news there is no time for extensive translation, even if we always had the French journals. The best we can do is to suggest the necessity of exercising caution at the moment, and afterward supply more correct versions, when opportunity is afforded.

The Commercial Advertiser has recourse accordingly to the admirable letters of Mr. Walsh, our consul in Paris, to the National Intelligencer, of which we have so often availed ourselves. By the way, Mr. Walsh could very efficiently aid in the management of such a paper—having all the facility of preparation and practice. We go on to copy from the National Intelligencer, the portion selected by the New York paper. The date was Paris, 1 Feb.

"You have been informed by me of the pregnant discussions on the Texas or American question in the chamber of peers on the 12th and 13th ultimo, and in that of the deputies on the 20th and 21st. The subject was opened to the peers by Count Pelet de la Lozere, once a cabinet minister, and the author of a good outline or compendium of the history of the United States. He examined and condemned the proceedings of the government in the case of Texas as highly impolitic and partial; he represented our country as the surest, most natural or necessary ally of France; he lamented that the government had rendered impossible its umpirage in the controversy between the United States and England. He marvelled that alarm should be raised about an imaginary universal republic of the United States, when there was a real universal maritime monarchy of England, which France and the United States together alone could check and resist. His sensible and pertinent strictures occupy about four columns of the *Moniteur Universel*, where alone they are properly reported.—His main purpose was to force Mr. Guizot into an immediate explanation of his measures and views, so as to lay him open for the attacks which would be made in the chamber of deputies.

"The minister satisfied this purpose by an elaborate exposition of his acts, motives and theories,



and a solemn declaration of French neutrality in the event of a rupture between England and our Republic.

"His doctrines of a balance of power for our continent, and of limitation to our republican power, are wholly unsustainable. He certainly won the assent and applause of the majority of the peers. No one of them ventured to enter the lists in support of Count Pelet. On the 20th, in the chamber of deputies, Mr. Thiers undertook the theme, and treated it as became an athletic debater and sagacious French statesman. His refutation of Mr. Guizot's pleading and wild speculations, and his well reasoned preference of the American to the British alliance, fill a page and a half of the *Moniteur* of the 21st ultimo. He placed himself on lofty and broad grounds, with an admirable ease and vigor.

"Mr. Guizot asked a respite until the next day, when the debate was reopened by him in a rather weak repetition of what he had uttered in the other chamber, followed by an enlargement of his balance theory so as to embrace the whole world. Of the three stupendous, overshadowing nations, the American, Russian and British, he deemed the first the most formidable to the universal equilibrium. He developed the topic of his declaration of neutrality, urging this policy as a safeguard against excitement and sympathy in France in favor of the American republican cause, should hostilities occur. He again defended and glorified the *entente cordiale*. His two speeches warranted the common remark of the London papers, that they showed how entirely the French government was with them, "heart and hand," on the Oregon, as it had been on the Texan question—how little aid or sympathy the United States had to expect in this meridian. The minister was followed by Mr. Bilault, of the left centre, an animated, well-informed, cogent speaker, always heard with attention, always felt by the different parties. He exploded Mr. Guizot's principal statements and fancies with characteristic skill, and brought him, by means of texts, into the roundest self-contradiction. The day before yesterday I began for you a regular abstract of the official correspondence and of all these exceedingly interesting speeches, but personal business and various interruptions prevented me from advancing beyond Mr. Guizot's first disclosures in the chamber of peers. You can use as you please what I contrived to accomplish. It imports the American councils and politicians generally that the effusions of all the orators should be submitted to their serious reflection, in translations from the pages of the *Moniteur*, in which accuracy and plenitude have been studied.

"The strife was renewed in yesterday's sitting of the deputies, and with results or incidents which I lose no time in noting briefly. By these discussions the American question shows itself with new and important aspects for our own Republic and for France. It is much indeed that so many of the influential orators and public writers are engaged in opening the eyes and hearts of their countrymen to the mistakes or deceptions of their government, and the nature of the feelings and relations suitable and preferable between them and our union. Berryer, the splendid orator of the legitimists, proposed, to a paragraph of the address, this amendment: 'If peace should be disturbed by the conflicting claims of two great nations, France will take care that no violation shall be committed on the principles of public law,

which protect on the seas the liberty and dignity of international relations.' The old prescriptive doctrines of France on the neutral rights are, as you know, directly in conflict with the belligerent pretensions of Great Britain.

"It is not possible for me to follow Berryer in his impetuous and effective assaults on most of Mr. Guizot's positions. He dissipated the pretences of equilibrium and neutrality, and pronounced ministerial subserviency to the British court and cabinet to be the true explanation to all that had been done, and was now varnished with false or ridiculous glosses. The premature declaration he believed to be meant to encourage the British and dispirit the Americans in the Oregon negotiation. Nothing could be ventured more hostile to the latter. The beginning of the feigned neutrality in the case of Texas was adversary and zealous action; the continuance of it was the proclamation of a passive system, thought to be injurious and the only practicable mischief, for no one imagined that France could be forced or betrayed into a hostile coalition with England against the United States. 'Your neutrality,' exclaimed the orator, 'has the most detestable character; it is not French, and you demonstrate this by your very words—by all your special reasons.' He spoke for an hour and a half, or more, after full preparation.

"Mr. Guizot fought his battle with his usual intrepidity. He affirmed that there were people, both in England and America, who represented to one and the other country that France would side with one or the other; that he wished to belie and defeat this allegation; he therefore proclaimed at once his plan of neutrality. 'The government of England desires to maintain peace with the United States; it sincerely desires this for good reasons, and I am convinced that it will do all in its power—that it will go, as it has said, as far as national honor will allow, to preserve peace. Thus there is no great necessity to press (*peser*) on the English government to determine it to peace; it is decided already to the limits of its honor. The case is not altogether the same in the United States. There you have a great party, powerful, active, noisy, which does not wish peace, which urges war, and proclaims war. By the side of this party there is another, very respectable, powerful also, that desires peace. This discordance exists even in the bosom of the ruling party. Even in the democratic party there are advocates of peace, and advocates of war. I do not hesitate to avow that I have aimed, by the announcement of our neutral policy, to lend strength to the friends of peace in America. I am persuaded that peace is desirable for both countries. I sincerely desire it myself. I meant to strengthen the peace party, to enable that party to affirm that the other must not count on dragging France into the quarrel.'

"Mr. Guizot added that, in the event of a war, the old maxims constantly professed by France and maintained, respecting the freedom of the seas and neutral rights, would not be abandoned. France would adhere to her doctrines. On this head the king's government was as decided as the honorable Mr. Berryer could himself be. The amendment was negatived as useless by a large majority; the conflict is to be resumed on another amendment; and M. de Tocqueville will finish the task of Berryer."

The following letter, from a correspondent of the *Hartford Courant*, is deeply impressive.

"Paris, January 28, 1846.

"I send you the report of a recent debate to the chamber of deputies, of which our country is the subject, and which deeply concerns our future history. You will see that the prime minister of France, in vindicating the interference of France and England, in the matter of Texas, now avows the necessity of providing for the safety of France and the world, by arranging a balance of power that shall include the United States—that some counterpoise must be sought for, in the new world or the old, to operate as a check upon a nation so ambitious and advancing by strides so gigantic.

"This is a new position, never before avowed, and one that involves very important consequences. You will see too that the French papers denounce our neutral policy, prescribed by Washington, as a mean and selfish policy, such as would disgrace a man among men, and is equally unworthy of a nation in the grand society of nations. For one cause or other this debate has excited a very profound interest in Paris—in the English for a very obvious reason; in the French, because it involves the cabinet, though principally because of the purpose it reveals to raise a barrier against the republican feeling of the nation; in the Americans, because it has an aspect of reference to the delicate question now pending between us and Great Britain. To me, however, it has had yet another and distinct kind of interest, an interest of forecast, in which I have contemplated the rising day of our nation, its appalling power, the enemies that will be leagued against it, the changes it must work in the relations of man to government everywhere, conflicts of diplomacy and possibly of arms which are to be the necessary penalty of its greatness.

"The debate was opened by M. Guizot. A few days after, M. Thiers took occasion to assail the doctrine touching our country avowed by Mr. G. This speech was received both in and out of the chambers with great enthusiasm. The next day M. Guizot replied. By the politeness of our consul, Mr. Walsh, I was enabled to be present, though the eagerness of the public to hear the debate was so great as to make it extremely difficult to obtain a ticket. Every niche in the galleries was occupied. And the attitude and manner of the assemblage were such as to indicate the profoundest feeling of interest. Dialogue, and gesture, and silence, and looks of thoughtfulness, and looks of passion—all indicated that the mind of the great auditory was powerfully wrought upon. And the subject was my country!—my country as a great nation, fit to be viewed, if not with enmity, yet with jealous caution! The debate, though scantily reported, will speak for itself. I know not when I have been more powerfully moved than while I sat there, a stranger among strangers, watching the movements of the scene. I seemed, for the first time, to have discovered my country.

"I had measured her territory, computed, a hundred times, the growth of her population, foretold her times, imagined the great circle of her dominion, at no distant period, filled with swarming millions of people—but I needed to be here, in the capital of France, the diplomatic capital of Europe, to see a great nation, second in arts and arms to no other, debating, with profound seriousness, the question whether it is not wise to raise up some balance of power against the United States—to hear it maintained that Russia, England and the

United States are the three great formidable powers that require to be watched with cautious jealousy—this only could make me truly feel what is the real import of my country. This debate is remarkable too, as being the first instance in which the great powers of Europe have avowed the necessity of extending their diplomatic circle of balances so as to include us.

"Hitherto they have held, for the most part, the gracious attitude externally of well-wishers, regarding us as a kind of experimental nation beyond the sea, which it was at least safe to leave unmolested. But the experiment it seems, is nearly over—we are already formidable. It might surely be pardoned to an American, in such a scene, and at such a moment, if he allowed a new sentiment of pride for his country to wake in his bosom. Neither would it be wholly malicious in him to enjoy the jealousy of such a nation as France; or to feel, in such a debate as this which now agitates the French capital, that he is beholding the entrance of his nation into place among the leading powers of the world.

"At the same time graver thoughts will crowd upon him. He sees, at once, that it is the penalty of increase to his country that all its relations to the world must be changed. It can no longer be indulged in that repose which obscurity yields. It must stand out in the public attitude of a great nation, to be the object of fear and hatred, to maintain its conflict with the arts and intrigues of political combination, and mix itself in with the great flood of human history. It may still maintain its neutrality, but it cannot be what it must, without being dreaded; and it cannot be the object of dread without having a conflict to sustain on every side.

"The ocean too is narrowed to a third of its former width, by the inventions of modern commerce, so that while it rises in power, it is drawing itself up also into a more close and ominous proximity to the great nations of the world. What will be the effect of this new position assumed by M. Guizot it is difficult to foretell; one thing is sure, that, however much we may protest against it, we cannot be the nation that we must be, without incurring all that he proposes. Nothing will save us from it, but to transfer the United States to some other planet. From this moment onward our position is changed.

"There is, too, another and deeper reason for the rising jealousy that is now manifested—that I mean which is stated with so much gravity by M. Thiers, when he says that France can no way hope to obtain her *freedom of action*, except by the growth and political expansion of the United States. He speaks like one who knows the working of European diplomacy—knows that France is restrained in the working of its free principles by a combination of governments, all engaged to prevent the development of institutions that may be uncomfortable or dangerous to the neighborhood of monarchy. M. Thiers is not a republican in name. He does not speak as one of the republican party, but he sees, with the comprehensive eye of a statesman, that there is, in France, what sympathizes with the United States, and that when the United States have become that vast and mighty nation which they are destined to become, filling the sea with their power, and casting their shadow across the nations of the world, then there will be a balance of power cast on the side of France. She will then have her freedom of action. Noth-

ing could be more true, and no truth could have a vaster import.

"We have only to imagine the United States becoming a nation of a hundred millions of people, filling the world with her commerce, advanced in arts and intelligence and social happiness, and presenting her formidable front to the combined hostility of the world, to see that all the restraints which now encompass France are dissolved. There is a new balance of moral power as well as physical, and France will be assuredly free to do her will, however much it may annoy the neighborhood of monarchy. I mistake, too, if the French government, in the new position that is avowed, is not actuated by a sense of the fact, for the stability of the present dynasty in France is more endangered by the republican feeling of the nation than by any other cause. To call out and embody a feeling in favor of the present mode of government and against republicanism is, in fact, one of the problems of the times.

"But the general opinion seems to be that the present dynasty dies, notwithstanding, with Louis Philippe. However that may be, nothing can be more sure than that there are elements of sound liberty at work in France, which will somehow have their way. I am surprised by what I see of the condition and character of the French people. They are fast becoming a new people. The revolution was a terrible, but yet I am convinced a cheap good to France. It has broken up the old system and blown it as chaff to the winds. Priestcraft has come to a full end; the lordly manners of the hierarchy are utterly swept away. Property has gone into a new distribution—it is in fact well distributed—better nowhere, as I might show by statistics, save in the United States. Industry is called into action and stimulated by new hopes. The arts are advancing with rapid strides. Wealth is increasing.

"Education is becoming a topic of greater interest; and with all this it is clearly to be seen, which must indeed be a consequence, that the character of the people is undergoing a very marked change. I had heard of the volatility of the French people, as who has not? and I expected when I entered France to see nothing else—and indeed that I should hardly be able to keep my gravity. But the first thing that struck me, on landing from Italy, was, that I had come among a sedate, sober, thinking people. They have a look of care as you pass them, and walk as if they had some business on their hands. Judging from their manner, you would think that you had mistaken your country and landed in the United States. The change I speak of is generally remarked. Nothing is so common as to hear that Paris is far less gay than it used to be, and yet it is richer and more populous every year.

"No country in Europe is advancing as rapidly as France. I doubt whether there is anywhere a greater share of general happiness. You will see more of filth and wretchedness in London in a day, you will be accosted by more beggars, than in Paris during a week. Indeed, I have scarcely been saluted by a beggar since I have been here. Even New York is far worse than Paris in this respect. Such a nation, rely upon it, is destined to be as free as it desires, whether nominally republican or not. The day is coming too when all that M. Thiers speaks of will be realized. Why should not the French government, being jealous of France, be jealous also of the United States?

Nor is it without reason that the monarchies of Europe are becoming alarmed by our increase. It means too much! It is a fact too formidable! Let them try their arts and set their balances. Our day will come in spite of them—and theirs too! The more I see of this world, however grand the aspect of its time-worn features, the greater privilege and honor do I think it to be a

"CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES."

We go on to copy paragraphs from Mr. Walsh's Letters of 27th January to 1st February:—

"Our Paris politicians are struck with Sir Robert Peel's explanation of the sudden and considerable increases of the British naval and military forces; it corresponded and referred only to the increase of the British colonial possessions—a satire on Mr. Guizot's phantasmagoria of American aggrandizement. We are not bound, however, to believe that there is not something more in the armaments: France is active on her side; the assurances of the British premier will not beguile American vigilance.

"The passage of Queen Victoria's speech relating to France being a cold formula in comparison with the devout and obsequious fervor with which the British alliance was celebrated by Louis Philippe, has keenly mortified the French conservatives: 'Our present union,' 'good understanding that happily subsists,' &c. In the Victoria speech of this, as in that of last year, the emperor of Russia has precedence, and he is the only sovereign absolutely obnoxious to the French court and cabinet. Probably it does not suit the policy of the British government with Russia, Prussia, or Austria, that its relations with the French should be thought so close and fond—so *intimes*, as Mr. Guizot repeatedly proclaimed them in his anti-American speech of the 22d instant. It seems to me, moreover, that Sir Robert Peel will not thank Mr. Guizot, or at least will disclaim responsibility, for his theories of equilibrium in America and the scheme of limiting American republicanism.

"The political chronicle of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* mentions the Texas debate as follows:

"A question of great interest deeply engaged the Chamber of Peers, and will necessarily be again discussed by the Deputies. Count Pelet argued that the French government should have abstained from all interference in the case of Texas. The minister of foreign affairs is never wanting in talent for questions difficult to be defended, nor in ingenious theories and eloquent exposition of them. Provided Texas were well peopled and furnished us with a market, of what consequence, we ask, to us whether independent or American? Mr. Guizot, with his sagacity, could not believe that Mexico and New Grenada would become a match for the American Union, or the Spanish for the Anglo-Saxon race. Mr. G.'s whole argument is but for the nonce. France has cause enough for disquietude about England, and need not conceive alarm about the progress of the United States, though they should extend to the Pacific and the Isthmus of Panama. The regular consequence of all Mr. Guizot's alarms and theories is, that France should proceed in the case of Oregon as she has done in that of Texas. French mediation is now impossible. The French instructions against annexation were pay for the convention of May last respecting visit. The minister, no one doubts, was obliged to make a bargain, but it was a very bad one."



"The old project of imposing a European king on Mexico has been revived in the Journal des Debats this month, and duly assented to by the London Times. After stating that Mr. Poinsett, conformably to the instructions of his government, labored to bring about the federal system in Mexico, in order to dismember her the more easily, the Debats pretends to have been informed by private correspondence and trustworthy travellers that all the honest and well-intentioned people of the country regretted the royal rule, and expressed lively wishes to see it reconstituted in the hands of some foreign prince. 'This return,' adds the Journal, 'of the Spanish American republics to monarchical ideas is a serious subject for meditation; they turn their spirits to monarchy as their only means of safety.' Now, see how the Times follows out the notions of the Debats:

"By what means are the principles of government to be restored in Mexico? It is clear to demonstration that such a state of things as we now witness is rapidly preparing the whole country for subjugation, and, after having asserted their independence of the court of Madrid, the provinces of New Spain lie prostrate at the feet of the Congress of Washington. There is but one solution of the difficulty. Mexico cannot remain as it is. It must either sink without a struggle under the yoke of a neighboring republic, hostile and opposed to the whole character of its native population by race, by religion, and by institutions, or it must seek, by strengthening its connexion with Europe, a protection against the spirit of territorial aggrandizement and dominion which is eager to establish a universal sovereignty over the continent of America. Such a connexion with Europe can clearly have but one form and one origin—the form, monarchical; the origin, Spanish. The results of Mexican independence are before the world. The people of Mexico cannot be insensible to their own ruin, however powerless they may be to avert it. Under such circumstances, what would be the effect of the reappearance on the shores of America of that flag of Spain which was originally planted there by the great discoverers and captains of former ages, and which left indestructible traces of its pristine authority in the colonial descendants of the Spanish people? It would be as easy to accomplish the conquest of Mexico at the present moment, with a handful of the troops which form the garrison of Cuba, as in the days of the aboriginal Mexican princes. Would it be impracticable to accompany such an expedition with political institutions fitted to the wants of the Mexican people, and calculated to rescue them from the perils which threaten their national existence? When we threw out this suggestion, some months ago, we confess that it wore an air of romance, and might be received with incredulity. But the more the world has learned of the utter weakness of Mexico, and the unquestionable designs of the United States, the more urgent has the case become, and the more practical the application of the only remedy which has been thought of. As far as Spain herself is concerned, such an enterprise would not be unworthy of the man whose military success and whose resolute character have already restored so much of the lustre of the Spanish monarchy. In Mexico, a prince of the house of Spain, bringing with him a moderate force to restore order to the country, and the guaranties of a constitutional government for the protection of its liberties, would be hailed with enthusiasm by a

considerable party, and would confer inestimable benefits on the people, whilst he would reestablish a natural and salutary connexion with the maritime and constitutional powers of Europe. Amongst the cognate suitors of Queen Isabella it would not be difficult to point out the very individual best fitted for such an enterprise by his personal qualities and his liberal sentiments. And, if the pretensions of the United States were thwarted by a measure with which they have not the most distant right to interfere, they are certainly not in a condition to oppose the united policy of the European powers, when its sole object would be to preserve a national government in New Spain, and to repair the disastrous effects of abortive revolutions upon the provinces which were once annexed to the Spanish crown."

"You will see that the British are determined to have the most, if not the best, of the argument in the Oregon question. Mr. Falconer, who is connected with the foreign office in London, published in the newspapers a rejoinder to Mr. Buchanan's able reply to Mr. Pakenham. Mr. Travers Twiss, D.C.L. and F.R.S., professor of political economy in the University of Oxford, has put forth an octavo (with two maps) entitled, *The Oregon Question Examined*. The Hudson Bay Company have plied the subject incessantly through one or other of the chief London organs. The titles of two more of the books will suffice to show the ripeness of the dispute:

"Just ready, in 8vo., price 4s., *THE OREGON TERRITORY*. Claims thereto of England and America considered; its Condition and Prospects. By a late resident there. *Non ego sum vates, sed prisca conscius avi*. By Alex. Simpson, Esq."

"The Oregon Question determined by the rules of inter-national law. By Edward J. Wallace, M. A., Barrister-at-Law, Bombay."

"We have received the proceedings of your Congress down to the 9th January. Abstracts are furnished in the Paris journals, and sought with eagerness. The speech of Mr. Adams has produced some sensation, but greatly less than its effect in England, where it was heralded as 'most important news from America.' The vilification which his late assertion of his country's rights and power has brought upon him on the other side of the channel teaches the value of the British laudation which, some twelvemonth ago, attended his manifestations promotive of favorite British ends. Thus would any other American statesman or patriot fare, or author, or journalist, if, after action in unison with foreign interests or purposes—cheered and flattered from abroad—he happened to give vent to national sentiments, and prefer national rights obnoxious to foreign claims and calculations."

"You will see that Lord John Russell was in quite a melting mood at Glasgow in regard to the Oregon dispute, and not half so stern about it last week in parliament as he was last year. On the 27th ultimo the dramatic representation proved less general and imposing than on the first occasion. Mr. Joseph Hume, who declared against American pretensions and recommended fearful armaments, is vehemently suspected of designs on a seat in the cabinet by grace of Sir Robert Peel. He was welcome when he produced Oregon cheers; but, on the 27th, his new allegiance becoming officious, Sir Robert did beg the honorable gentleman opposite (Mr. Hume) to allow him to conduct his own case."

"You will observe that the premier designated

oats as a nobler quality of food than Indian corn—in order, we may presume, to gratify the Scotch. The disparagement is almost a *casus belli*. The newspapers, in their synopsis of his plan, express themselves in this way, with all *naïveté*:

“ ‘Agriculture: Indian corn to be admitted duty free. This is a boon to the agriculturists, Sir Robert Peel pointing out that beautiful dispensation of Providence by which manure is rendered the fertilizer of the soil; while the rising price of rape and linseed justify the free introduction of nutritious food for fattening cattle.’

“ ‘Send over a few Virginian cooks or housekeepers to prove the excellences and varieties of corn bread, fit for a royal repast.’ ”

AN INDIAN HANGING.—The first Indian that was capitally executed by the Cherokees, under Cherokee laws and by a Cherokee sheriff, was a man named Nat, who was hanged several years ago, about five miles from Van Buren, Arkansas, for the murder of another Indian, who was called Musquito. We have the particulars from an eyewitness. The sheriff had caused a gallows to be erected a short distance from the Court lodge, but when the culprit was brought to it, he being a very tall man, it was found to be too short for his accommodation, and some other place had to be sought for the execution.

The whole band of Indians, with the sheriff and Nat in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and after a little time, a tall cotton wood was found, with a projecting branch far up the trunk, that in the opinion of all was suitable for the purpose. Nat, now that all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do, carefully regarded by the rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicked about for some time, swam to and fro with great apparent pleasure—then came to the shore, donned his blanket and stood ready for the last act of the drama.

The sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officer of the law toiling up after him with the fatal cord. Nat reached the projecting limb of the tree, and was desired by the sheriff to work himself as far out upon it, from the trunk, as he could—which was done, when the sheriff adjusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb. All these preparations were conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect good understanding existed between the sheriff and the Indian.

When all the arrangements were completed, the sheriff told Nat that he would slide down the tree to the ground, and make a signal when he, the prisoner, must jump off the limb—to which Nat cheerfully assented. The sheriff reached the ground and looking up to the limb upon which sat the poor victim, he shouted—“Now, Nat, you red devil, jump!” And jump Nat did, and after a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay, to the infinite wonderment of his red brethren, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of that kind.—*Albany Atlas*.

## NEW BOOKS AND RE-PRINTS.

*Theology: Explained and Defended in a series of Sermons*, by TIMOTHY DWIGHT, LL.D., in four volumes.

THE first volume of this new and cheap edition of President Dwight's great system of theology, is just issued by the Messrs. Harper. With a very large religious denomination this is a favorite work. It is marked with great and generally acknowledged ability. Its fame in Europe is even greater than in this country, as a proof of which it has long been the text book in several colleges abroad, and among them in the University of Edinburgh, of which the celebrated Dr. Chalmers was till recently the chancellor.—The present edition contains a biography of the author, which will be read with interest.—*Evening Post*.

*Guy Rivers, a Tale of Georgia*, by W. GILMORE SIMMS.

THIS romance of southwestern life enjoyed a great popularity some ten or twelve summers since. Since then, many to whom this esteemed novelist was at that time scarcely known, have swelled the ranks of readers, and with such this favorite production will find a ready welcome. It is printed in a single duodecimo volume.—*Evening Post*.

*Mill's System of Logic*. New York. HARPER & BROTHERS.

THIS has been pronounced the most important work which has appeared in the department of mental science since the publication of Locke's *Essay on the Understanding*. It presents what we have never had before, and what, indeed, many writers have declared to be impossible, a generalization of the methods of investigating truth by induction, a process of which the discovery is usually ascribed to Bacon, though practised long before his time, but of which no scientific and philosophical system had ever been made. The other branches of the general subject are treated with great ability and in a very full and satisfactory manner. The style is clear and strong, and the work is in every respect one which cannot fail to command the respect of all sound thinkers in the country. It is not unlikely that it will be adopted as a text book in all our colleges. It is issued in a very handsome octavo volume, of about 600 pages.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

*The Queen of Denmark*, edited by MRS. GORE. New York. Harper & Brothers.

THIS spirited novel is founded on the brief but eventful history of Caroline Matilda, the Queen of Denmark, and mother of the late King Frederic VI., the causes of whose misfortunes, which involved her in the fall of Struensee, the minister, hurled her from the throne, tore her from her children, and exiled her for life from her adopted country, are said to be here detailed with truthfulness and simplicity.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

*Modern Standard Drama*. Vol. i. New York. W. TAYLOR.

THIS handsome volume contains, in good type, Ion, Fazio, The Lady of Lyons, Richieu, The Wife, The Honey Moon, School for Scandal, Money.

*Count Julian, or the Last Days of the Goth*. A Historical Romance. By W. GILMORE SIMS. New York. W. Taylor.